THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XI. NO. 37. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE DEAD ORATOR.

Sketch of the Long and Brilliant Career of Daniel Dougherty of the Silver Tongue.

His Wit, Eloquence and General Good Fellowship.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 5.—Daniel Dougherty, the famous lawyer and orator, died at 2:40 p. m. to-day at his residence, 2021 Spruce street, aged 66 years. His ailments, malarial fever, attended by liver trouble, were brought on by overwork, and his suffering for the last two months of his life was at times intense. He bore his pains, however, with fortitude, and at times his flashes of wit brought smiles to the faces of his physicians and attendants.

Mr. Dougherty's illness dated from June 20, at which time he came from Long Branch to attend to some business in this city. Not feeling well, he visited his physician, who ordered him to bed immediately. At that time he was arranging for a trip to Europe, but this was postponed from week to week until it was finally abandoned about six weeks ago, when he was compelled to remain in bed. Three weeks ago his nervous trouble set in, and it was preceded by a lesion at the base of the brain. This was succeeded by partial paralysis. Gradually the whole nervous system became affected and his left side was entirely paralyzed. At one stage of his illness, about ten days ago, hiccoughs set in, but Dr. Woods succeeded in checking them in a day or two. Several times during the last week he has been either unconscious or delirious, but each time he has rallied.

No hope of a full recovery has been entertained for some time, and Sunday the family were told to prepare for the worst. From this time his wife and five children were constantly at his bedside. To-day he became unconscious and died without pain. The arrangements for the funeral have not yet been completed, but it is settled that the service will be held Thursday.

Two cities claim Dan Dougherty—Philadelphia, by reason of birth and long residence; New York, as a recently adopted son, and both, with just cause, were proud of him.

The story of Mr. Dougherty's boyhood is like that of many another famous man, the story of a hand to hand fight with poverty. His mother died when he was 10 years old, so that, unlike Lincoln and Garfield, he had no one to urge him on, and his stubborn struggle for an education is irrefragible proof of his indomitable energy and perseverance. At 18 he entered the law office of William Badger, a philadelphia lawyer of the old school. He made rapid progress, and May 2, 1849, was admitted to the bar. He very soon distinguished himself by his conduct of a homicide case, in which his burning eloquence outweighed a mass of conclusive evidence, and after a trial of six days the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty.

Apart from his success at the bar and his distinction in political oratory Daniel Dougherty's life was studded with triumphs. As a raconteur, as a lyceum speaker, litterateur, as an orator of occasion, he presented a combination of accomplishments and an equipment for social distinction rare, if not unequaled, among Americans of his generation. An address by him on "The Future of the Republic," delivered thirty years ago, had the rare honor of being quoted and commended by the erudite Bulwer on the floor of the house of commons.

From 1862 to 1865 he was constantly in request as a lecturer before literary societies and institutions of learning, and only a stern determination to devote himself to the profession of his choice prevented his spending a considerable part of his time in such employment. In 1871 he composed and first delivered his matchless lecture on "Oratory," which has since become so celebrated. That lecture has been repeated more times than he could remember, and his profits therefrom aggregated $25,000. Other lectures which brought him reputation are those on "The Stage," the fruit of a profound study of the drama and intimate acquaintance with the best actors of his time, and on "American Politics."

"I have never overcome a dread of rising to address an audience, however small," said Mr. Dougherty some time ago. "Even when I rise before a jury I would feel grateful if the floor would open and swallow me. I want to get away. My lips are dry. My hands tremble, and I feel myself turn pale."

"Do not call me a great lawyer," said Mr. Dougherty once, "because I am not. I only wish I were. You may say if you like that I have had a measure of success before juries."

Mr. Dougherty's estimate of himself shows he had taken the advice of the psalmist to heart. Yet, while his studies and the exigencies of his practice, aided, perhaps, by a natural bent, prevented application on his part to the law as a pure science, in his chosen field Mr. Dougherty was very successful. He knew the man in the jury box by heart; he knew what would appeal to him, what would sway his judgment or touch his feelings. The faces of the jury were to Mr. Dougherty an open book. He could tell exactly the moment he was en rapport with them.

His face was framed in white hair and he possessed a high-bred look. His eyes were of a beautiful Irish blue, but in his voice there was not a trace of the Celtic tongue, unless it was in the softness of some of the caressing intonations. His manner was marked by a peculiar deference, as subtly attractive as it is difficult to describe. He was one of those magnetic men whose personality is impressive, and his idea of happiness was to have a great subject, an attentive and sympathetic audience, and the opportunity to speak the thought that burned within.

Story upon story is told, not only of Mr. Dougherty's eloquence, but of his readiness under any and all circumstances. Perhaps the most striking instance of this faculty was offered at the time of President Lincoln's visit to the great fair of the sanitary commission in Philadelphia in 1864, as the guest of the Union league.

Morton McMichael, whose fame as a fluent speaker still lives wherever he was heard; Charles Gibbons, and several other leading members of the league were upon the committee of reception, and Mr. McMichael had prepared a brilliant address of welcome. By some mischance President Lincoln arrived ahead of time and quietly proceeded to a hotel, after his usual unobtrusive fashion. Here he was immediately pounced upon by a Mr. Webster, a genial, jolly "man about town," who knew everybody and was occasionally overofficious. Taking it for granted that it was all right Mr. Lincoln stepped into the carriage which Mr. Webster had in waiting and was driven to the fair. When the committee on reception called at the hotel to wait upon him he was gone, as the clerk said, with "a committee from the Union league."

"Impossible," said Mr. McMichael. "We are the committee."

To follow in hot haste was all they could do, but Mr. Webster was on the watch and as the well-known group entered the fair room by one door he took the president out of another and drove straight to the Union league, where the members, minus the committee, were assembled to do honor to the president.

The committee, boiling over with wrath, gave chase; vainly, for by this time the streets were packed with a dense crown anxious for a sight of Mr. Lincoln. It was impossible to drive a carriage through the crowd, and at Twelfth and Chestnut streets they were obliged to get out and fight their way on foot inch by inch. Meantime, at the Union league everything was upset for lack of McMichael and the eloquent address too safely stowed away in his pocket.

Mr. Dougherty was one of the members anxiously watching for the committee which did not come. At last, growing desperate, some one called him aside and said: "Dan, this won't do. McMichael isn't here and somebody must say something. You're the only fellow that can do it and you must."

In vain Mr. Dougherty protested he was "totally unprepared," and begged to be excused; "Mr. McMichael was expected to speak and they ought to wait for him." He was pushed to the front and introduced with: "Mr. President, you will be addressed on behalf of the Union league of Philadelphia by Daniel Dougherty."

Mr. Dougherty was absolutely trembling with stage fright, and his pallor was a sight to behold, but he made the speech and President Lincoln said afterward that he had never before listened to such a torrent of brilliant oratory. Carried away by the occasion, the "silver tongued orator" forgot himself and poured out his whole soul, with lips touched by the fire of patriotism, in a speech that will never be forgotten by anyone who heard it.

Mr. Dougherty's wonderful gift of oratory is in part, no doubt, due to his Irish ancestry. His father was a native of Ireland, and from that he inherited his ready wit.

His eloquent presentation of the name of Gen. Hancock to the Democratic convention at Cincinnati in 1880 has seldom been equaled in the line of speeches nominating candidates for president. In 1884 at Chicago he seconded the nomination of Hendricks, and at St. Louis in 1888 he presented the name of Cleveland.

In 1885 he considered the question of removing to New York, and finally did so in 1886, feeling that he wanted a wider field for his legal abilities, and at once took a leading position there and stepped into a lucrative practice.

In March, 1891, he received a solid gold medal from Notre Dame university—a gift presented only to some distinguished American, and usually on Lætare Sunday, and on the occasion of the presentation many notable persons were present.

As an orator he ranked with the very best in the country. His style was some what that of the late Matt Carpenter, brilliant and soaring, as distinguished from the conversational methods of Ingersoll and Beecher. In private life he endeared himself to all who were thrown in contact with him, having, for a wonder, none of the angularities usual to geniuses, either physical or mental.—*Chicago Times.*

Swamp

Are not the only abode of malaria. You find it everywhere, even in localities where atmospheric and sanitary conditions would seem to be unfavorable to its development. The universal remedy for and preventive of the dire complaint is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Wherever the malady assumes its most virulent form, and whether it be chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, the Bitters is most popular and constitutes the best means of protection and cure. From Maine to the Isthmus of Panama, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America and the tropics this truly famous medicine has won "golden opinions" from all conditions and classes in more than a metaphorical sense. For debility, indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, insomnia, neuralgia, liver and kidney trouble it is highly efficacious. Use it with persistence.

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THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).

The other measure was the Coercion Bill. It authorized the Viceroy to proclaim any district in Ireland he might think proper, commanding the people to remain within doors (whether they had houses or not) from sunset to sunrise; authorized him to quarter on such district any additional police force he might think needful—to pay rewards to informers and detectives—to pay compensation to the relatives of murdered or injured persons—and to levy the amount of all by distress upon the goods of the occupiers, as under the Poor law; with this difference, that whereas, under the Poor law, the occupier could deduct a portion of the rate from his rent, under the new law he could not; and with this further difference, that whereas, under the Poor law, householders whose cabins were valued under £4 per annum were exempt from the rate, under this law they were not exempt. Thus every man who had a house, no matter how wretched, was to pay the new tax, and every man was bound to have a house, for if found out of doors after sunset, and convicted of that offense, he was to be transported for fifteen years, or imprisoned for three—the court to have the discretion of adding hard labor or solitary confinement.

Now, the first of these two laws, which abolished the preference of Irish grain in the English markets, would, as the premier well knew, give a great additional stimulus to the consolidation of farms—that is, the ejectment of tenantry, because "High Farming"—farming on a large scale, with the aid of horses and steam, and all the modern agricultural improvements was what alone would enable Irish agriculturists to compete with all mankind.

The second law would drive the survivors of the ejected people (those who did not die of hunger), into the poor houses or to America; because being bound to be at home after sunset, and having neither house nor home, they would be all in the absolute power of the police, and in continual peril of transportation to the penal colonies.

By another act of this parliament, the police force was increased, and taken more immediately into the service of the crown; the Irish county cess was relieved from their pay, and they became in all senses a portion of the regular army. They amounted to 12,000 chosen men, well armed and drilled.

That readers may understand better the nature and duties of this force, I shall give a few sentences out of a manual published in this same year, 1846, by David Duff, Esq., an active police magistrate. It is entitled "The Constable's Guide:"

"The great point towards efficiency is, that every man should know his duty and do it, and should have a thorough and perfect knowledge of the neighborhood of his station; and men should make themselves not only acquainted with roads and passes, but the characters of all, which, with a little trouble, could be easily accomplished. A policeman cannot be considered perfect in his civil duty as a constable, who could not, when required, march direct to any house at night.

. . . . . .

"Independent of regular night patrols, whose hours shall vary, men should by day take post on hill commanding the houses of persons having registered arms, or supposed to be obnoxious. The men so posted will, if possible, be within view of other parties, so as to co-operate in pursuit of offenders.

. . . . . .

"Patrols hanging about ditches, plantations, and, above all, visiting the houses of suspicious characters, are most essential.

"The telescope, to be taken always on day patrol, and rockets and blue lights used, as pointed out in the confidential memorandum."

The confidential memorandum I have not been privileged to see, but this will give an idea of the Irish police, and the British method of relieving a famine. The police were always at the command of sheriffs for executing ejectments, and if they were not in sufficient force, troops of the line could be had from the nearest garrison. No wonder that the London *Times*, within less than three years after, was enabled to say—"Law has ridden roughshod through Ireland; it has been taught with bayonets and interpreted with ruin. Townships levelled with the ground, straggling columns of exiles, workhouses multiplied and still crowded, express the determination of the legislature to rescue Ireland from its slovenly old barbarism, and to plant the institutions of this more civilized land"—meaning England.

These were the two principal measures for the prudent administration of the famine; but there was also another, purporting to aim more directly at Relief. I approach the detail of these "Relief Acts" with great deliberation and caution. They have always appeared to me a machinery for the destruction of an enemy more fatal, by far, than batteries of grape shot, chain shot, shells, and rockets; but many persons who pass for intelligent, even in Ireland, do believe yet that they were in some sort measures of Relief, not contrivances for slaughter. In dealing with them, I shall endeavor to exaggerate nothing, as I shall certainly extenuate nothing.

Mr. Labouchere, in parliament, estimated the total money loss accruing by the potato blight at sixteen millions sterling. The people likely to be affected by it were always, in ordinary years, on the brink of destruction by famine—that is, most of them were always half starved for eight months in the year, and many always starved to death.

Now, to replace that lost food by foreign corn, and to pay the higher price of grain over roots (besides freight), would have required an appropriation of twenty millions sterling—the same amount which had been devoted, without scruple, to turning West Indian negroes wild.

England had, for so many years, drawn so vast a tribute from Ireland (probably eight millions per annum for forty-six years), that now when the consequence of our intercourse with the sister island turned out to be that she grew richer every year, while Ireland on her side of the account had accumulated a famine, we claimed that there was something surely due to us. It is out of the question here to enter with me into these multifarious accounts. England beats all mankind in book keeping by double entry; and as she has had the keeping of the books, as well as of everything else, it has been very difficult even to approximate to the truth. Yet one or two salient facts are easily stated.

In 1800 the year of the Union, Ireland owed twenty-one millions of national debt; England four hundred and forty six millions. Even of our debt of twenty one millions, one large item was the charge for bribing members of parliament, and buying up nomination boroughs, for the purpose of carrying the Union. Now the terms of the Union were that each country should remain liable to the annual charge upon her own debt. But England, as I said, kept the books; and, seventeen years after, she found a pretext for charging herself with our debt, and charging us with hers. It was called the "Consolidation Act." They made a fair exchange with us, as O'Connell said; they gave us half of their debt and took half of ours. Ever since, the annual charge upon the Irish exchequer for interest upon that consolidated debt, is nearly five millions.

Yet, with all this, Ireland remitted a surplus revenue to England, over and above all that they could have the face to charge to her account, of about one million. Needless to say, it was all expended in public works in England. When the famine broke out, as O'Connell pointed out the fact that the Quit and Crown rents drawn from Ireland, under the head of "Woods and Forests," amounted to about £60,000, mostly expended in beautifying Trafalgar Square in London and the Castle of Windsor.

Considering all these things, it was believed not unreasonable that the common exchequer of the "three kingdoms" (so liberal when it was a question of turning negroes wild), ought to devote at least as great a sum to the mitigation of so dreadful a calamity. Accordingly, our people demanded such an appropriation, not as alms, but as a right. The committee of the Repeal Association, for example, said:

"Your committee beg distinctly to disclaim any participation in appeals to the bounty of England or of Englishmen. They demand as right that a portion of the revenue which Ireland contributes to the State, may be rendered available for the mitigation of a great public calamity."

Up to the meeting of parliament, the enemy concealed their intentions in mystery; they consulted nobody in Ireland about this Irish emergency, but prepared their plans in silence.

In the meantime, the abundant and magnificent crops of grain and herds of cattle were going over to England, both earlier in the season, and in greater quantities, than ever before, for speculators were anxious to realize, and the landlords were pressing for their rents, and agents and bailiffs were down upon the farmers' crops before they could even get them stacked. So the farmers sold them at a disadvantage, in a glutted market, or they were sold for them, by auction, and with costs. The great point was to put the English Channel between the people and the food which Providence had sent them, at the earliest possible moment.

By New Year's Day it was almost all swept off. Up to that date Ireland sent away and England received, of grain alone, of the crop of 1845 8,350,000 quarters—besides innumerable cattle—making a value of at least seventeen millions sterling.

Now, when parliament met in January, the sole "remedial measure" proposed by Sir Robert Peel (besides the Coercion Bill, and the Corn Bill to cheapen bread in England), was a grant of £50,000 for public works, and another grant of as much for drainage of estates; both these being grants, not to Ireland, but to the Commissioners of Public Works, and to be administered, not as Irishmen might suggest, but as to the said commissioners might seem good. It was the two-hundredth part of what might probably have sufficed to stay the famine. It might have given sensible relief—if honestly administered—to the smallest of the thirty-two counties. How it was used, not for relief but for aggravation of the misery, I have to tell hereafter. For that season's famine it was, at any rate, too late, and before any part of it became available, many thousands had died of hunger. The London newspapers complacently stated that the impression "in political circles" was, that two millions of the people must perish before the next harvest.

January, February, and a part of March passed away. Nothing was done for relief; but much preparation was made in the way of appointing hosts of commissioners and commissioners' clerks, and preparing voluminous stationery, schedules, specifications, and red tape to tie them up neatly, which so greatly embarrass all British official action—a very injurious sort of embarrassment in such a case as the Crimean war; but the very thing that did best service on the present occasion.

O'Connell, O'Brien and some other Repeal members proceeded to London in March, to endeavor to stir up ministers, or at least discover what they were intending. In answer to Mr. O'Brien, Sir James Graham enumerated the grants and loans I have above mentioned, and added something about other public moneys, which, he said, were also available for relief of distress, adding:

"Instructions have been given on the responsibility of the government to meet every emergency. It would not be expedient for me to detail those instructions; but I may state generally there is no portion of this distress, however wide-spread or lamentable, on which government have not endeavored on their own responsibility to take the best precautions, to give the best directions of which circumstances could admit."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Spirited Contests at Hurling Between the Davitts and Shamrocks, and Between the Innisfails and Grattans.

Many of the Ardent Supporters and Admirers of the Old National Pastimes Were Present.

The second series of games scheduled by the Central Council took place on the new grounds of the association, corner Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, and were witnessed by an immense crowd, there being fully three thousand people present. Many of the ardent supporters and admirers of the old national pastimes, who were constant visitors to the West Side grounds during last season, could be recognized. Salutations were exchanged, hands were shaken, congratulations offered to victors while those who suffered defeat were assured of the earnest sympathy of their friends. There was one falling off which is much to be deplored, the sparse attendance of the fair sex, whose presence graced the West Side grounds last season. This, we are certain, is not due to any laxity of interest in the games and competitors, but may well be attributed to the defective accommodations; a stand or seats not having been erected up to the present, and the few gentle ones who attended on last Sunday found it most uncomfortable to stand by the fence. Sunday would have been an ideal day for field sports had not the rain fallen freely before the game could be brought to a conclusion.

DAVITTS VS SHAMROCKS.

At 3:30 the teams lined up, the Shamrocks won the toss and played for the southern posts with a slight breeze in their favor. When the ball was sent rolling it was handled by the Shamrocks and passed to the Davitts' backs, but a good blow from D. Aherne sent the leather fairly into the center of the field, where some good close play ensued. The Davitts passed the ball to their forwards, and before five minutes' play scored a point, but it was disallowed by the referee on the Shamrocks claiming a foul. The Shamrocks' goal keeper sent the ball into mid field, where some loose play followed. Mat Ryan made a good run for the Shamrocks and invaded the Davitts' quarters, and would certainly have scored had he been backed up by his team, but the Davitts' *coul baire* sent the leather flying to the wing when Wolfe passed to Furlong, who in turn sent the ball to Lehane, the latter kicked for the posts and landed the ball in front of the goal. The Davitts made a good rush, and after a scrimmage succeeded in forcing the leather through the posts. The Shamrocks again kicked off and Capt. Egney handled the leather and swept it along the field and invaded the Davitts' territory, and passed to his forwards, but the latter were unable to score. The Davitts passed well again when Ed. Aherne charged the Shamrocks' backs and scored a point. Sides were then changed, and during the last half the game was well contested, and neither side succeeded in placing further honor to their credit, and at the call of time the score stood, 1 goal, 1 point, to nil in favor of the Davitts.

The following comprised the teams: Davitts—J. W. Wolfe, captain; Jas. Wolfe, Daniel Aherne, Wm. Burke, M. Tobin, M. Mahoney, P. Enright, J. Furlong, M. Maloney, T. Wolfe, M. Lehane, M. Connor, T. McGovern, Ed. Aherne, P. J. Mulcahy, M. Brown, J. Farrell, M. Killen, J. O'Brien, F. Curry and M. Aherne. Shamrocks—P. Egney, captain; M. Ryan, W. Barry, P. Levin, M. Ryan, M. Lunane, P. Ryan, J. Sheely, W. Townsend, J. Fitzgerald, J. Sheehan, M. Fitzgerald, M. Gallagher, J. McGlen, P. Sullivan, J. Byrne, M. Lunehan, J. Dwyer, T. Gallagher, J. Townsend and M. Tierney.

INNISFAILS VS. GRATTANS.

This contest caused much speculation in Gaelic circles. It was conceded by all who have been posted in the merits of the different clubs, that the Innisfails would be victorious, but when the muscular powers of the Grattans was taken into consideration there was a good deal of wavering on that point, and a rough, hard game was anticipated. The teams lined up at 5:20. The Innisfails won the toss and were granted the choice of grounds. When the ball was sent rolling the Innisfails made a dash for their opponents' posts, and before five minutes had elapsed succeeded in placing a point to their credit. The ball was sent out by the Grattans, and some rough play followed in neutral ground. The Innisfails returned the ball and made several charges on the goal, but the Grattans made a good defense, and on many occasions thwarted the Innisfails' forwards and sent the ball along the side line, but only to be returned again by the Innisfails, who scored a second point. The leather was again sent well into center field from the Grattans' goal, where some rough play followed. The ball was returned to the Grattans' posts when one of the latter sent the leather over the goal line, granting a forty yards kick to the Innisfails, who failed to turn it to their credit. Close play followed in the precincts of the Grattans' posts when a second forty yards kick was granted, but was not placed to good account. The Grattans acted well on the defense, and passed the leather to center field where a foul was committed. The referee sent the ball again in the air and play was resumed, when the weather clerk interfered and the teams were obliged to retire after twenty-five minutes' play, when the score stood two points to nothing in favor of the Innisfails.

IRISH NEWS.

A number of friends having expressed a desire to subscribe to the testimonial to be presented on the occasion of his elevation to the episcopate to Dr. Cosmy, the patriotic coadjutor bishop-elect of Killala, the committee have resolved to extend the time during which subscriptions may be sent in to Sept. 15. This will give people living in distant parts of the diocese an opportunity to subscribe.

The following changes have been made by his lordship the bishop of Kildare and Leighlin: Rev. J. E. Delaney, C.C., from Leighlinbridge to Paulstown; Rev. Aiden Kennedy, C.C., from Philipstown to Leighlinbridge; Rev. P. O'Donnell from Borris to Edenderry; Rev. G. Gowing from Suncroft to Emo; Rev. M. Handrick from Emo to Stradbally; Rev. Father Bolger from Edenderry to Suncroft: Rev. John Foley from Stradbally to Philipstown; and Rev. D. Rourke from Paulstown to Borris.

Recently the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the ceremony of profession took place in the pretty little chapel of the Dominican Nuns, Wicklow. The young lady who made her vows was Miss Kavanagh, of Dublin, in religion, Sister M. Berchmans Dominick. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Monsignor Walsh, V.G., P.P., Kingstown, assisted by the Very Rev. Canon Dillon, V.F., P.P., and Rev. B. Conroy, Wicklow. At conclusion the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was given by Monsignor Walsh. There was a large attendance of clerical and lay friends.

An edifying and most interesting function was performed on Sunday, the 28th ult., in the historic town of Rathmullan. On that date there took place the solemn dedication and formal opening of Saint Joseph's Catholic church, followed by a sermon by the Most Rev. D. O'Donnell, lord bishop of the diocese of Raphoe. St. Joseph's is rightly described "quite a gem in its way;" and over and beyond the advantage to the good people of Rathmullan and summer visitors to that seaside resort, the new church, with its parochial house in the vicinity, serves to enhance, if possible, the picturesque scene on the western shore of the Swilly.

In the diocese of Cork the following changes have been made: Rev. Thomas Shinkwin, St. Mary's Cathedral, to be P.P. of Newcestor; Rev. James Lehane, C.C., of Kinsale, transferred to St. Mary's Cathedral; Rev. P. Barrett, C.C., New Glasmire, transferred to Kinsale; Rev. Patrick O'Leary, C.C., Courcies, transferred to New Glasmire; Rev. Father Cotter, C.C., Carrigaline, transferred to Courcies. Rev. D. Corcoran, from Ballydehob to Carrigaline, to replace Rev Mr. Cotter; Rev. W. Murphy, from Mayfield to Ballydehob; Rev. W. McCarthy, from St. Mary Reparatrice to Mayfield, and Rev. Wm. Caffe to St. Mary Reparatrice.—*Irish Catholic*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fenteney.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER XII.

A few of the deserters had taken their muskets with them on their flight. At Flanagan's alarming words they at once seized and cocked them, while our hero and Murty drew their pistols. The glitter of the sabre was seen at the window, and they saw looking in upon them the faces of several soldiers in red coats and crossbelts. The sight caused most of the men to vacate the apartment, rushing up a ladder to a loft overhead.

"Capture means death my boys," cried Flanagan, as he ascended. "No surrender! We may as well die here as in front of the platoon!"

Immediately Fergus heard a shot which he knew was fired from an upper window at the soldiers in front of the house. Next instant at the kitchen window there was a crash of broken glass, a loud report and blinding flash, and the bullet that whizzed by his head deeply grazed the arm of the little girl, who uttered a shriek of pain and alarm.

"Inside here, quick, for heaven's sake!" he cried, and urged the old couple and their fainting grandchild into a small apartment leading off the kitchen, where with his handkerchief he quickly bandaged the wounded arm of the latter, while the house seemed to be shaken by the detonation of musketry.

This done, he opened a window and looked forth, but the night was pitch dark and he could discern nothing. He jumped forth as into a black abyss, and at that instant the flash of a shot revealed him to the gaze of a party of dragoons, who at once rushed towards him. His pistol hung fire, and in a moment he was a prisoner.

Soon afterwards the house was in the hands of its assailants, and he and three other prisoners were led into the still illumined kitchen, their hands bound behind them. One of the number was Murty MacAndrew. Of the remainder of the late group round the fire one had been shot dead, another mortally wounded, while Flanagan and two others had escaped by jumping from a window to the loft. Two of the dragoons—a troop of Ligonier's cavalry serving under the provost-marshal—had been slain by the fire of the deserters; and this highly incensed the officer of the troop, who shook his fist wrathfully in the faces of the four prisoners:

By ——, my fine fellows, you shall pay bitterly in the morning for this night's work!"

"Do your worst and be d—d to you, you English cur!" contemptuously retorted one of the deserters, a man of magnificent build, who looked with stern defiance in the face of his threatener.

"But see here, captain, we are not—"

"Hush, Murty; it would not serve us a bit, and 'tis better to be shot for deserters than hanged for spies," whispered Fergus, checking an eager declaration on the lips of his companion.

"Besides," added he, as the officer turned away, "I fancy we may get off at a cheaper rate than death—at least if there be any gratitude left in the world."

He was pretty correct in his surmise They were confined for the night in a barn at the rear of the house, a barn guarded by dragoons with ready carbines. At the first glimmer of dawn the officer entered their prison. He beckoned Fergus aside and spoke to him in an undertone:

"I am sorry for this my friend. You a spy!"

"Certainly not, Mr. Tennison."

"Indeed! what then, pray?"

Fergus briefly explained the true nature of his position.

"Not many removes, eh? However, I owe you a certain debt since the night you succored me on the field at Dettingen. The officers of the court-martial will be here in a few minutes, but I think I will be able to save you—to save you, not as a virtual spy, for that would be impossible, but as a deserter, and therefore you must satisfy yourself to serve in one of our foot regiments until whatever time you may be able to escape back to the French lines."

"Thank you for my life. But I have a companion in peril, a corporal in my company—that man there with a black head."

"Then there is no help for him. I fear he must die."

And the officer left the barn.

A few minutes later a guard of dragoons entered and conducted two of the prisoners forth, Fergus and Murty being left behind. A seemingly long period of suspense followed—though in reality the court-martial was very speedy in its functions—but at length they beheld from the window their late fellow captives marched between a file of carbine-bearing troopers to the gable of the barn. Immediately afterwards two crashing volleys of musketry that shook the barn and seemed to tear through their hearts told them the fate of the unhappy men.

That same day they themselves were marched to the town of Nivelles, which was occupied by some companies of the Coldstream Guards, the old border regiment that had been first raised by the noted Gen. Monk—the same who in Ireland had been defeated by Owen Roe O'Neill at Portlester, and who in England had distinguished himself as the restorer of the Stuart dynasty. It was a very select corps, but to fill up the ranks that had been gapped by war and disease, it was found requisite to abrogate the recruiting rule, "No Scotch, Irish or vagabond will be approved of."

So, on the day after their arrival in Nivelles, our two friends appeared on parade with their new 'comrades" in the uniform of the corps; scarlet coats with blue lapels and white facings, scarlet waistcoats to match, low cocked hats trimmed with white lace, pale blue breeches and white gaiters.

No wonder that Fergus felt nonplussed at sight of his captain.

The latter was Guy Lindsay.

Before he commenced the morning drill of his company Capt. Lindsay paced up and down in front of it for a minute or two, his manner expressing deep impatience and annoyance.

"Egad, Jack, we're in for it this morning!" Fergus heard the man on his right exclaim in a whisper to the next in succession.

"The captain must have lost devilish badly last night."

At length the officer came to a sharp halt and faced the waiting ranks.

"Where are our new recruits, sergeant—the men who were attached yesterday? Let them step to the front,"

Advance to the front, Privates Brown and Rogers," said the sergeant, addressing the pair intimated by the names they had assumed on being enrolled. They obeyed the command, advancing some paces in front of the foremost line, presenting arms, and looking straight before them, while Lindsay subjected them to a critical scrutiny.

He recognized one of them at least—though the only symptom he exhibited of having done so was a slight kindling of the eyes and twitching of the muscles of the mouth, as for a moment his gaze met that of Fergus. He addressed them in the stern and despotic tone he was wont to to use towards the men under his command.

"Now, my men, that you are members of my company, I'd have you know that your conduct as soldiers and Guardsmen must be most strict and exemplary. Bear this well in mind—that the least breach of discipline or disobedience of orders on your part shall be met with the severest punishment allowed by the Articles of War. Return to your places."

The pair obeyed, Fergus rightly reading the omen of this discomforting speech. He inwardly felt that his enemy had decided to treat him with all the rigor and persecution that now lay in his power.

The drill began, and during the dreary, dismal hour it lasted he was sick at heart with disgust at the method in which it was carried out, at the pitiful spectacle it afforded.

Bold and lion-like as the British soldier of the period might be in the field in the face of the enemy, it were hard to find a more abject, pitiful and degraded being than he was in the parade-ground in the face of his officers. The "iron code of Brunswick" was at its stern height in the British service. Various were the revolting punishments inflicted to obtain or maintain a most rigid discipline. Military executions were frequent, while flogging, picketing—with the bare foot on a sharp stake—lying tied neck and heels till the blood gushed from the nostrils, and "riding the wooden horse" with a heavy weight at each ankle, were all most excessively inflicted, being ordered for the most trivial offenses.

Swearing at the men, even when in the ranks, and batoning, or caning, or clubbing them, were common in every regiment; and both these practices were liberally put in operation by Captain Guy Lindsay of the Coldstreams on the morning that Fergus O'Ronan found himself a member of his company.

The latter, indeed began to suspect that the display of his superior's disciplinarian zeal was rather extraordinary on the occasion, and specially meant for his own benefit—as an inkling, he took it, of the treatment he might expect from his sometime rival. He was partly right and partly wrong. However, Lindsay was one of the fiercest martinets that ever cursed a barrack square

His eye was continually discovering real or fancied blunders among the ranks, errors in pace, deportment, and carrying the musket, each of which made him assail the luckless offender with a volley of abusive oaths, which usually wound up with an ominous call to the front. Youths on their first campaign, strong men bronzed with the suns of many a battlefield, and veterans grown gray in the regiment were called from their places in turn to be cursed and batoned by their superior. Some bore the galling and degrading punishment unflinchingly, while others—stout fellows who would fearlessly brave the bullets and bayonets of the enemy—winced and cried like children as the merciless rattan descended on their legs and shoulders. Fully one-fourth of the company were aching in body and limb when the parade at length came to a conclusion. But neither Murty nor our hero had as yet been visited by the wrath of their new commander.

The latter beckoned Fergus towards him as soon as the company was dismissed, and motioned him to an angle of the yard where their discourse might not be overheard.

"Well, sirrah, how am I to account for your presence in my company? You are heartily welcome, for that matter"—and the questioner uttered a vindictive laugh—"but what the infernal mischief brings you here?"

"Fate, I suppose."

"No trifling with me, my good fellow, or by heavens you shall rue it! I have an old score to settle with you—ay, and a new one to boot, for my shoulder still bears the mark of the scar you gave me at Dettingen—and settle it I will, as sure as death!"

"In what way, pray, captain?"

Fergus put the query with a deliberateness that surprised himself. The officer stared at him in astonishment, uttered a savage oath and stamped wrathfully on the gravel. His former manner, cool, insiduous and sarcastic, seemed to have departed from him during his campaigning, or else he did not care about airing it for the benefit of his quondom rival; he seemed but a gruff, bearish *militaire*, brimful of despotic ire.

"Curse your insolence! How dare you question me thus? You know that you are at my mercy not in one but in a thousand ways—that—that I can have the miserable life lashed out of you any day I like—and take care but I shall, too."

"It was what I should expect—just as I was expecting a few minutes ago to hear you calling me to the front, and——"

"Be in no hurry, sirrah, to resign that expectation."

"And thinking that before you could raise your rattan to me the second time I would drive my bayonet through your cowardly heart, or let out your brains with my musket butt."

Lindsay stood as if spell-bound, and a flush of passion empurpled his still hand some visage. He laid his hand on the hilt of his sword and cast a hasty glance towards the nearest of his men as if he meant to order the arrest of O'Ronan on the spot.

"You murderous, mutinous dog!" he hissed, "I'll make you pay dearly for this language. You shall rue the day that you first aroused the ire of Guy Lindsay."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Smuainte Cois Na Fairrge.

(Leis an g-Craoibhin Aoibhinn.)

Do sheas 's do shuidh mé lé h-ais na taoide
Air charraig íslí muinéal crom,
Ag deunamh smuaiste 's go síor ag caoineadh
Na ndaoine dílis bhí trá liom ann.
A Mhuire dhílis! cad fáth nach gcaoinfinn,
An uair smuaiolm air an d-teampoll lom,
An tráth chuimhnighim, mo chrádh! áir dhaoinibh
Atá 'nois sínte faoi fhód glás trom.

Ní' l áit lé fághail ann san tsaoghal láu
A dhúisgeas crádh agus bróa mo chroidhe
Mar amharc na fairrge glaise gairbhe
O bhárr carraige 's nach aidhbheul í?
Is ann sin thagann im' chuimhne chrádhte
An t-am budh áluinn, an t-am do bhí,
Nuair bhí mé anasta aigeantach gasta
Misneamhail láidir ag siúbhal mo shligbe.

Na coillte tiugha, na portaigh dubha,
Taobh na locha, an móinfheur báu
An baile-mór, no an teráid, no an bóthar
No teach an ósta na g-cruisgin láu!
Ní féidir leo-san bhaint dhíom mo bhróin-se
Tá m' intinn shocamhail dul air fán
Faoi amharc na fairrge glaise gairge
Toranach dathamhail lasta láu.

Go fíor 's go dearbh is rud ró shearbh
Cumhnughadh na marbh gan maith gan fáth,
Aimsir gheanamhail, comhrádh greannamhail,
Breugadh banamhail, gean a's grádh.
Acht óróí is bróaighe 'na aon rud chómhairigheas
Thú do bheith eolach go raibh tú tráth
Spórtamhail, seunmhar, aigeantach, eudtrom
'g anois go bhfuil tú gan seun, gan ráth.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O
WALDING KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside, Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Mackinaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:33 a. m.; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:50 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p. m.; Mukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p. m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Charles Miller and Tom Frances, two notorious robbers, were arrested and jailed at Decatur, Ills.

Anto Tragresser of Mascoutah, Ills., while out hunting, accidentally blew off his head with a shotgun.

Eunice White, widow of Henry Ward Beecher, passed her 80th birthday last Friday. She passed the day at her son's home at Yonkers, N. Y., with four generations present.

A gravel bank caved in on eight children at Springfield, O. Mary Remsberg, 10 years old was killed, and Johnnie Baumgardner seriously injured.

George Schmidt of New Hampton, Ia., fell from a two-story window and broke his neck.

You can escape just about one half the ills that flesh is heir to, by being ready for them. When you feel dull, languid, "out of sorts" generally—then you may know that some of them are coming. Don't let them get any further. Brace the system up with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That *prevents* as well as cures: It invigorates the liver and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, and restores health and vigor.

For all diseases caused by a disordered liver or impure blood—Dyspepsia, Biliousness, the most stubborn Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, the "Discovery" is the *only* remedy so certain and effective that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It's not only the best, but it's the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold, no matter how many doses are offered for a dollar.

With this, you pay only for the *good* you get.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

A SMART MULE.

It Rescues One of Its Fellows and Saves a Railroad Train.

I heard a good story the other day that was told by an old locomotive engineer, or engine driver, as they more properly call him in England—for the engineer is the man that surveys and "lays out" the road—and I am going to give it to you exactly as he told it. If you don't want to believe it all I shall not object, but I shall preface the "yarn" with the remark that there are some "mighty smart" mules in the world. Here is the story:

Railroad people have a horror of running over animals, not only because they don't like to kill them, for humane reasons, but because a collision with one often results in derailing the train.

There is another reason, too, as the old engineer said—they don't like to "muss up" their engines by strewing pieces of animal all over it. One day on a railroad out in Illinois this engineer scared up a mule on the track beside him. They were about two miles from a bridge at the time. Knowing the fashion all animals have of running straight ahead on the track instead of putting their common sense on the matter and sheering off to one side, the engineer fairly made the surrounding country ring with the noise of his whistle, so as to get clear of the mule before they got to the bridge. But Mr. Mule seemed to think that the whistle was invented only to keep him on the track and make him run faster, and he kept straight on at redoubled speed.

Of course the engine could easily have overtaken him and knocked him into smithereens, but as that might have resulted in knocking the train into the same kind of fragments, the engineer slackened speed a little and finally stopped and sent the fireman out to drive the beast off the track. That was done several times, but each time the fireman had hardly got into the cab again when the mule was on the track the same as before and tearing ahead like mad. In fact, the thing was becoming very monotonous, when, looking up suddenly, the engineer saw that he was very close to the bridge. Then he began to get uneasy for fear the idiot of a mule—as he thought the animal to be—was going to try to cross the bridge—though how he would manage to step on the ties surefooted the puzzled railroader could not understand.

They were so near the bridge by that time that the engineer dared not go another rod, so he stopped short—just as the old mule dashed off across a field braying like a good fellow. And then the engineer and fireman saw the game the wise old animal was playing. Right in the middle of the bridge was another mule, stuck fast with his legs between the ties. The old railroader insists upon it that the mule had kept on the track to make the train go slow, and thus prevent it from coming into collision with the mule on the bridge, not because it cared so much about the fate of its companion, but to save the train from wreck. I decline to express an opinion; as for you, you can take your choice as to the mule's motive.—Humane World.

THE STORY OF A WOODEN CROSS.

Brave and Faithful Mehawanta Met His Death While Doing His Duty.

A party of Minnetonka explorers landed on Crane island, and in the course of their peregrinations ran on to a peculiarly shaped mound. The elevation would have attracted no attention probably but for a moss covered and worm eaten wooden cross that surmounted it. The cross bore every evidence of great age. It was formed of two rough branches solidly mortised together. That others had found it was plain from the carvings it bore. There was some speculation as to the origin and intent of this rough hewed emblem. Some insisted that it had served a pious hermit as an altar before which to repeat his prayers; others claimed to have discovered a legend inscribed on the time worn stump, and to these the cross denoted a grave—probably the last resting place of some early pioneer.

The truth is even more romantic and interesting. That cross has stood the ravages of time and the vandal hand of the tourist visitor since 1851. It was built by a Frenchman named Edmond Dornier to mark the last resting place of an Indian. The Indian had rendered Dornier a great service. He was shot to death by the Frenchman while in the very act of serving him. It was a mistake, and one which Dornier regretted to the day when he himself died a violent death in the Indian war of 1861. Dornier lived on the lake shore. He was one of the first settlers. The log house he built has long since been replaced by a pretentious house, now occupied by a Minneapolis man as his summer residence. Dornier had a wife and two daughters. The latter were skilful in navigation of the bark canoes made by the tribe of Sioux then resident in that region.

One of the oldest and wisest of the Sioux tribe was Mehawanta, a friend of the whites and a conservative adviser of his tribe. One day Dornier's oldest daughter, then a handsome girl of nineteen, was fishing in a canoe off Crane island, when the crazy craft capsized as the result of her attempt to land a large fish. The girl's clothing had become caught in the little canoe, and although an expert swimmer she was drowning rapidly. It was then that with tremendous strides old Mehawanta came crashing through the underbrush. The old Indian could swim like a duck, and in a trice he had rescued the French girl from her dangerous position. There she lay on the grassy bank insensible. The Indian was not used to formality. Sans ceremony he tore open the bodice of his charge.

Then he proceeded to apply all the remedies nature had taught him. Thus he was employed when from the timbered hillside rang out the sharp crack of a rifle. Mehawanta started, stood bolt upright, and then fell slowly forward across the prostrate form of the girl he had rescued—stone dead. A moment later Dornier appeared. A rifle still smoked in his hand. He kicked the dead body of the old chief aside, and by hard work brought his daughter back to life. Her first inquiry was for Mehawanta. The face of the Frenchman darkened as he pointed sternly at the silent corpse. The terrible truth then burst upon her. Her preserver had been slain by the very hand that should have clasped his in warmest friendship.

For years until the Indian wars broke out this girl visited the old chief's grave and placed choicest wild flowers upon it. It was the most she could do. Dornier was frantic when he discovered his mistake. He built the crude cross and buried the dead chief with his own hands. Every prayer the holy fathers had taught him in his native Quebec was said over the old hero's grave, but the reproach would not die. It haunted the Frenchman to his dying day.

Thus is told the story of the cross of Crane island by one who has heard it from Dornier's own lips.—Minneapolis Journal.

Serpents and Their Skins.

In tropical countries serpents are known to shed their skins at least twice a year, and I have heard that some exfoliate four times. In the United States the farther south we go the earlier we find the period, and in Florida I found some species shedding in March, at a time when Michigan snakes had not left their winter retreats. North of the forty-second parallel the innocuous snakes generally shed in June, but some individuals get rid of their old overcoat and come forth in spring style in the month of May. All of the nonpoisonous species change before the breeding season, and I presume the massasauga does also, but cannot assert positively, as I have yet to find an old one accompanied by young. As near as I can ascertain, our massasauga always exfoliates in July, at least during the heated term.

If one's knowledge of snake habits is alone from observations made on specimens in captivity but little credit should be given unless a study has been made covering a period of several years, and even then at best much is lacking. I am well satisfied that much that is written on the subject is copied from the writers of the marvelous or presented from stories recounted by others.—Dr. Morris Gibbs in Forest and Stream.

Blunders of Painters.

A picture representing the four elements was essayed by an Italian artist, and he selected fish to indicate the sea, moles the earth and a salamander fire. The chameleon was intended as the allegorical representative of the air, but the painter having no model of this animal, and knowing nothing about its shape, contented himself by introducing a camel. He probably thought in his ignorance that from a similarity of sounds they were one and the same animal.

Another painter, in a picture of the crucifixion, represented a father confessor holding out a crucifix to the repentant thief who was promised a place in paradise by the Saviour.—Detroit Free Press.

Ruskin's Toys.

The home rule of Ruskin's mother was well nigh Puritanic in severity; his toys were few and his source of amusement limited. He says:

For toys, I had a bunch of keys to play with so long as I was capable of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; as I grew older I had a cart and a ball, and when I was six years old, two boxes of well cut wooden bricks.

With these modest, but I still think entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion, and could pass my days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of my carpet, examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses.

There were also intervals of rapturous excitement during the filling of the water cart through its leathern pipe from the dripping iron post at the pavement edge, or the still more admirable proceedings of the turncock, when he turned and turned until a fountain sprang up in the middle of the street.

But the carpet, and what patterns I could find in bed covers, dresses or wall papers to be examined, were my chief resources.

Dogs and Cats in King Howel's Times.

The worth of dogs is variously estimated; in the Tenth century the king's buckhound being valued at fifteen pence when born and one pound when fully trained, while "a herd dog is worth the best ox, and whosoever may possess a cur, though it be the king, its value is fourpence."

Cats, however, are prieed without distinction, there being probably but one breed. Nor is any extra value set upon those favored cats, which, by reason of their royal ownership, enjoyed the daily privilege, accorded them proverbially, of looking at a king. No matter to what family or place it may belong, "the worth of a kitten from the night it is kittened until it shall open its eyes, is a legal penny, and from that time until it shall kill mice, two legal pence," fourpence being the full value of a cat, as of a sheep or of a goat.

The qualities expected of her are particularly catalogued and the list of them runs thus: "To see, to hear, to kill mice, to have her claws entire, to rear and not to devour her kittens, and if she be bought and be deficient in any one of those teithi, let one-third of her worth be returned."—All the Year Round.

Where Does the Money Come From?

Look into any one of our great restaurants, our fashionable resorts at night. See at a hundred tables groups of men and women spending each all the way from five to fifty dollars. This is not an occasional experience. You can find it every night in the week, and at lunch time the same places are crowded with women to whom a lunch costing five or six dollars is as nothing. Drive through the park on any fine morning or late in the afternoon. You may see men and women on horseback by the hundreds, every one "dressed for the part," well mounted, representing an immensity of capital. Look at the long processional ongoing of equipages. Millions upon millions of dollars are represented there every day in the week, and at all the favorite resorts along the road you will find men and women gayly flitting along, their butterfly wings tipped with gold, their diamonds sparkling in the air, their jollifications making the very atmosphere ring with the choral echoings of fun and hurrahdom. —Joseph Howard in New York Recorder.

Verdi's Infirmities.

A few days ago, while conversing with some friends, Verdi expressed the pleasure he had had in composing the eminently comic libretto of "Falstaff," written by Boito, and on its being insinuated that he would yet add to his renown by further works he exclaimed: "Renown! Glory! Glory is a fine thing for boys and hysterical women! Yet," he added, "I will not deny that I feel able to write another opera or two, because my imagination is not yet dead. But there is a great hindrance, a miserable hindrance—the physical fatigue of writing, of filling the interminable forest of leaves of music; all the millions of notes and signs which compose a score; that's what frightens me. If it were not for that"—— —London News.

Abolish "Sneaky" Music.

Slow music at the theaters during the performance of a play is a nuisance and ought to be abolished. At the most thrilling part of the scene in the drama, when the interest of the audience is wrought up to the highest pitch, the squeaking of a fiddle will sometimes ruin the entire effect produced by the combination of dramatic language and scenic effect. In the best European theaters such a travesty as the slow and weak scraping of a fiddle during an interesting scene is unknown, and it should not be encouraged here.—New York Journal.

A Waistcoat Made of a Boa's Skin.

The family of boas and pythons includes all the largest serpents known, though the species are not numerous. The type of this group is the boa constrictor, which is found in the New World only, ranging from Central America to southern Brazil, and may attain a length of about fourteen feet. It is very handsomely marked, and we have seen its skin made into an elegant waistcoat worn by one of the trustees of the British museum.—Quarterly Review.

Men's Wives.

One Man—My wife is eternally going about. She's never at home. Is yours?

Another Man—Don't know. I'm never at home enough to find out.—New York Weekly.

GENERALLY OBSERVED.

Celebration of Labor Day in Many of the Cities.

A MONSTER PARADE AT CHICAGO.

Forty Thousand Organized Workingmen March Through the Streets of the City to the Music of Hundreds of Bands—How the Day Was Spent at Philadelphia, New York, St. Louis, and Various Other Points of Interest.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—Labor day dawned bright and promising with a cool breeze rippling the lake and a gush of sunlight flooding the town. Labor was up early. By 7 o'clock the streets down town were crowded, although before 6 they were comfortably filled. In the neighborhood of the different headquarters, the pavements were blocked and the gay and appropriate uniforms were studied by many pairs of bright eyes, for the girls were up just as early and out just as soon as the boys. At 9:30 a. m. most of the trades were already in motion from their various headquarters about the city toward the meeting place on the lake front. Long lines of men marching with steady step converged down Wells street, down Washington, and Jackson and up Wabash and Michigan avenues, coming from north, south and west towards the trysting place.

On the Lake Front.

Martial music from every band in Chicago filled the air and the steady tramp of workingmen kept time to the melodies. There was a broad liberty of taste in the selection of marching tunes which sometimes gave funny combinations. From the corner of Clark and Washington streets, at 10 o'clock, "Ta-ra-ra—boom-de-ay," "St. Patrick's Day," "America," and "Die Wacht am Rhein" were all at the same time weaving themselves into one rather curious burst of harmony. At 10 o'clock there was fully 25,000 on the lake front. The focus of the crowd being the foot of Jackson street, but the throngs had such possession of Michigan avenue and the east and west streets that passage was almost impossible.

The Procession Moves.

It was a very orderly crowd, and although there was a strong display of police, the bluecoats had nothing to do. In seven years' experience of demonstrations of this sort, the parade of 1892 was admitted to be peculiar, not alone for the tremendous mass of men who have been gathered, but for the almost total absence of any drinking. The different trades as they debouched on Michigan avenue were met by aids, who quickly guided them to their appointed places, and then the marshalling was done with almost military precision. Each line halted and got into position, and then waited for the word. At 12:30 the procession moved and after parading the streets went to Kuhn's park, where the rest of the day was spent in enjoyment. Forty thousand workingmen were in the parade.

AT PHILADELPHIA.

Demonstration of Labor Organizations in Rising Sun Park.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5.—Labor Day was observed in this city with a demonstration by labor organizations at Rising Sun park, which was preceded by a street parade. Being a legal holiday the public offices generally were closed; the postoffice made but few deliveries; the exchanges and banks transacted no business, and many business places either shut down all day or at noon. The parade and picnic, under the auspices of the United Labor league and affiliated bodies, the German Federation of Labor, and the Amalgamated Building Trades, was participated in by several thousand enthusiastic workmen.

The Knights of Labor.

The parade was formed at Franklin square and the procession started soon after 10 a. m. over Marshall street to Montgomery avenue to Broad street, and thence to the park, where the day was taken up with music, dancing, and games of all kinds. Among the speakers were Thomas Phillips, once the workingmen's candidate for mayor; Charles H. Clark of the steamfitters' association; William H. Barrett, ex-secretary of the Labor League; Tom Burns of the Shoemakers' union, and others. The Knights of Labor, although not celebrating as a body, had a big picnic at Menlo Park. The affair was in charge of Assembly 3582, composed of iron workers.

At New York City.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—The workingmen's holiday, Labor Day, was all that could be desired so far as the weather was concerned. It was estimated that over twenty thousand men turned out in procession. Over seventy separate unions formed in line and began moving about 10 o'clock from Eight street and Fourth avenue. The rivalry among the organizations in the matter of display of banners and tasteful appearance of the men in line was productive of a fine spectacle. A rather shorter line of march was adopted than usual.

Big Day at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 5.—The labor demonstration was the largest ever held in this city. All the unions of the city took part and there were about 5,000 men in line. After parading the principal streets the marchers took care for Armstrong park, where speeches were delivered and the afternoon was spent in outdoor sports.

At St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 5.—The labor organizations united in a grand parade through the principal business streets and afterwards engaged in a union picnic at Concordia park. Nearly 7,000 men were in line. All banks, exchanges and public buildings were closed.

More Trouble in Tennessee.

KNOXVILLE, Sept. 5.—A dispatch from Coal Creek received late Saturday night says: "Notices have just been posted at all the mines here ordering all union miners to stop work. They are signed 'The Committee.' The Second regiment has been ordered back here and will probably arrive on Tuesday. James G. de Cruchy, for whom scouting squads have been on the lookout for two weeks, was captured at Harriman Sunday evening. He said he was a sharpshooter and used government needle guns to fire into Fort Anderson. He thought he killed the cannoneer in the fort. As he is known to be a crack shot, this is probable true."

THE CHOLERA IN HAMBURG.

Graphic Description Given by a Newspaper Correspondent.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—A dispatch to The Daily News from Hamburg says: "No other European town presents a greater contrast between its old and new quarters. The new quarter of the town and suburbs are handsome and well built with breezy, open spaces. The old part of the town is dirty and stifling, and its population of 150,000 is squeezed into the space of an English town of 5,000 inhabitants. I never yet have had the courage to explore the further recesses of the sunless labyrinths where each house is occupied by a dozen families. The narrow streets are reeking with decaying vegetables and evil smelling liquids. The old quarter is a veritable charnel house in case of fire and a mortal pest house in case of disease.

Misleading Statistics.

"It is a new and terrible plague which privation and poverty are incubating. The ravages of the cholera are most capricious, sometimes stopping suddenly where it is expected to spread in a dense district, then breaking out with virulence in a beautiful suburb like Barmbeck. The real extent of the epidemic will never be known The statistics are misleading. One day the official returns gave the deaths as less than half of the actual number. Plenty of cases are not traced or are attributed to other diseases. My opinion is that if the official returns were doubled they would not be far wide of the actual numbers. If Hamburg is to profit by the terrible lesson she must complete the work of the fire of 1842 and raze to the ground the pestilential old town and improve the sanitation and water supply."

No Signs of Abatement.

A dispatch to The Standard from Hamburg says: The epidemic shows no signs of abatement. On Monday 969 fresh cases and 369 deaths occurred, the victims being mostly females. One the same day there were 530 burials. The deaths in the prisons and lunatic asylums have been disproportionately numerous. The various banks have resolved to prolong the term of payment of bills now due till October. The loss of business through the epidemic here is estimated at 200,000,000 marks. Numerous prayer meetings are held in various districts to implore divine assistance. Relief committees have been formed in every ward of the city.

LATEST FROM QUARANTINE.

Two New Cases and One Death Reported —Foolhardy Reporters.

QUARANTINE, Sept. 6.—The police sergeant in charge of the police squad on board the tug Golden Rod, reported to the officer in charge at Quarantine at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning that the tug F. M. Vosburg, owned by W. Moran, 13

DR. W. T. JENKINS.

South street, New York, and chartered by a New York newspaper, has been hovering around the Normannia evidently trying to establish communication with her passengers. When the Golden Rod attempted to overhaul the Vosburg the latter lost no time heading for New York. Dr. Jenkins immediately telegraphed to the collector of the port, Hendricks, requesting him to have the tug's license revoked for violation of quarantine regulations. If this action could not be taken, the doctor asked that a warrant be sworn out for the captain's arrest.

Two Cases and One Death.

Dr. Byron's report to Dr. Jenkins Tuesday forenoon divested of the errors of transmission from mouth to mouth is exactly two cases and one death since Monday night's report. Names cannot be given till Dr. Jenkins makes his regular daily inspection tour and return.

It was denied at Quarantine Tuesday morning that Brooklyn has anything to fear from the steamship Elbro of the Wilson line, which reached her wharf Monday with a partial cargo of rags from Hull, England, via Boston. William Seguine, one of Dr. Jenkins' deputies, boarded her, and found after an investigation that the cargo was all right and had passed the Boston quarantine. There is absolutely no danger from her, said Mr. Seguine Tuesday morning.

Was Only an Effigy.

CLINTON, Ia., Sept. 6.—Pedestrians and people on Elm street near the high school building Monday morning were horrified to see the body of a man swinging from the flagstaff on the tower of the high school building. Soon the report was spread all over town that the janitor of the building had committed suicide in this manner and a great sensation was created. The police were sent for and when the body was cut down, with some difficulty, it was found to be an effigy, to the feet of which was attached a placard bearing the inscription- "Class of '96.

Italy Does Not Like It.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—The Chronicle publishes the following dispatch from Rome: The direction of President Harrison's circular, if strictly carried out, will entail serious consequences on Italy, which country sends to American ports 40,000 emigrants annually. The Italian authorities are greatly concerned at the restrictions.

Engineer Killed.

LA CROSSE, Wis., Sept. 6.—Engineer William Dean was killed on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road near here Monday. He leaned out of the cab while the engine was going rapidly. His head struck the standpipe of a watertank and was crushed. Dean had a wife and three children here.

Edward Hollister, ex-mayor of Alton, Ill., was fatally hurt by a railway train at that city while walking on the track. He is very deaf and did not hear the approaching train until it was too late.

STRICTEST VIGILANCE

To Keep Cholera Out of New York City.

MORE CHOLERA CASES IN PORT.

Arrival of the Steamships Rugia and Normannia from Hamburg—The Former Had Four Deaths During the Passage and the Latter Five—Further Deaths Expected by Health Officer Jenkins—Case of Cholerine.

QUARANTINE, S. I., Sept. 5.—Sunrise Saturday at the Narrows was chilly, with a slow rising fog. Conditions as to numbers of the fleet in quarantine grounds had changed greatly from Friday night by the addition of three anxiously looked for arrivals from Hamburg, viz.: The Rugia, Stubbenhuk and the express steamer Normannia. As a natural result the air was filled with cholera cases on one or all of the vessels, but all the stories were speculative, as none of the ships had been inspected. Determined that none of the suspected ships should get close range, Dr. Jenkins went afloat at midnight, and as a result the three ships named were order to the lower bay to await his further disposal. In addition to the City of Rome and the Umbria the freight ships Mohican and Federation are the only vessels at the upper station, and they await the ordinary inspection.

Searching for Intruders.

Health Officer Jenkins and Deputy Tallmadge left the quarantine dock at midnight and did not return until early Saturday morning. They had been patrolling the lower bay in search of intruders. The passengers of the City of Rome are all well. The Hamburg steamer Stubbenhuk with 240 steerage passengers on board arrived at quarantine and was immediately ordered back to the lower bay. No report was given out as to the health of those on board. The Normania with 495 cabin and 552 steerage passengers from Hamburg and Southampton arrived later but was immediately sent to the lower bay to join the Moravia and Stubbenhuk. The steamer Rugia also arrived but no person but Drs. Jenkins and Tallmadge were permitted to go on board. She was also sent down the bay. Dr. Jenkins returned at 6:30 a. m., but refused to make any statement until 11 o'clock.

Dr. Jenkins' Report.

At 11:15 a. m. Dr. Jenkins, after his much needed rest, was seen by the reporters and said for publication: "Gentlemen, according to my reports, there were nine cases of cholera on the Rugia. There were five convalescents and four deaths. On the Normannia there were five deaths and there are now four convalescents. On the Moravia there is one additional case of cholerine. It is an 8-year-old boy. All the convalescent cases are very serious. Further deaths are expected. All three ships will be held indefinitely. All the sick and dead embarked at Hamburg. The Rugia has been isolated as much as possible and everything will be done to prevent the spread of the disease. Many of the steerage passengers were known to have come from infected districts. All the patients have been isolated, and such patients as are able to be moved will be taken to the hospital as soon as possible. Meantime disinfectants have been liberally used."

List of the Victims.

On the Normannia Carl Haggert, 57 years old, second cabin passenger, died Aug. 30; Jacob Hynesmann, 45 years old, first cabin, died Aug. 31; Ottillie Storm, 11 months old, died Aug. 30; Willie storm, Sept. 1; Adolph Scholz, 1 year, Sept. 2. Cases: Heinrich Frake Heiser, 39 year; Rudolf Harnisch, 11 months; Selina Storm, 5 years; Marie Bonichsen, 61 years, all cholerine. On the Rugia: Berths Koenig, 39 years, died Aug. 26; Carl Koenig, 11 years, died Aug. 28; Rosine Sterr, 1 year, Aug. 31; Eduard Sterr, aged 30, Sept. 1. Cases: Helene Bogadski aged 27; Paul Kownig, aged 5; Johnanns Buss, aged 54; Arion Peters, aged 69 Kosima Dispeas, aged 24.

Among the passengers on the Normannia are Editor E. L. Godkin of The Evening Post; Rev. Richard Harlan, brother of Justice Harlan of the United States supreme court, and Miss Lottie Collins of "Boom De-ay" fame.

ONLY ONE SURVIVOR.

Loss of the Western Reserve and Twenty-Six Lives.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., Sept. 2.—Details of the loss of the steamer Western Reserve show that of the twenty-seven persons on board only Harry Stewart, the wheelman, survives. Stewart's story of the breaking of the steel hull plates of the vessel and the escape of the occupants from the sinking boat only to be lost in midlake is heroic in the extreme. The metalic lifeboat was stove in while being launched and soon sank, which left the yawl greatly overcrowded. Nevertheless the boat made for land and succeeded in reaching the bars off Grand Marais. It was here upset in the heavy sea and all sank but Stewart, who succeeded in reaching land. Peter Minch was the millionaire owner of the boat, which was counted one of the staunchest steel vessels afloat on the lakes.

The List of Victims.

The list of dead is as follows: Ray Applebee, steward's assistant; Horace Barougha, fireman; Martin Closson, Huron, O., greaser; M. Coffee, deck hand; Albert Davenport, deck hand; Fred Eggleston, Brooklyn, first mate; Mrs. Mary Englebery, Vermillion, O.; Daniel Forbes, Algonac, Mich., watchman; S. T. Holden, fireman; Charles Lebeau, Sand Beach, Mich., second mate; R. Longfield, deck hand; Peter Minch, Cleveland, O., owner of the boat; Mrs. Peter Minch, Charles and Florence Minch; Albert Mayer, Vermillion, O., captain; Carl Mayer, wheelman; Daniel O'Connell, deck hand; William H. Seaman, Cleveland, chief engineer; Bert Smith, Ashtabula, O., steward; S. Steward, watchman; John Satchen, fireman; Robert Simpson, greaser; D. Stickney, deck had; John Wilson, deck hand; Charles Wilis, second engineer.

Three Bodies Recovered.

NEWBERRY, Mich., Sept. 2.—Up to 12 o'clock a. m. Friday only three bodies were recovered at the scene of the wreck of the Western Reserve—Captain Minch and a lady, supposed to be his wife, and an unknown lady but partially clothed, as though hurried from bed to a yawl boat to escape.

Fell into the Well.

ABILENE, Kan. 5.—Annie Iliff, 18 years old, while drawing water from an open well fell to the bottom, a distance of sixty feet, and was killed.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S LETTER.

Synopsis of His Acceptance of the Republican Nomination.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—President Harrison's letter of acceptance of the presidential nomination was given out yesterday afternoon. He begins by expressing his thanks to his party for their demonstration of confidence, and says that if the pledges of the party in 1888 have not been kept, or if the policies of the national government have not been American and Republican the fault has been in the execution, not in the purpose. He attacks the Democratic demand for repeal of the tax on state bank issues, and calls attention to the history of that kind of money before the war.

Ocean Trade and Reciprocity.

He favors the policy of subsidies to build up our ocean carrying trade, declares reciprocity a success, gives figures to show what it has done, and compliments Blaine for his services in that direction. Protective tariff is indorsed thoroughly and defended vigorously. Bimetallism with the silver dollar the equal in every way of the gold dollar is advocated, and union with foreign nations to this end urged.

Methods in Elections.

He appeals for change in election methods, so that every voter shall be able to cast his vote freely and have it counted. The proposition that parental rights in the matter of education shall not be interfered with is endorsed. Democrats are criticised for appealing to workingmen's prejudices and in a communistic manner, and it is suggested that free trade will not help wages, whatever protection may do. The foreign policy is defended and Democratic members of the foreign relations committee complimented for endorsing the same.

Close of the Document.

The president closes a six column letter with a review of the prosperity of the country and a reference to the veterans of the war, in which he says that the ear that does not listen with sympathy and the heart that does not respond with generosity to the story of their services and suffering are the ear and heart of an alien and not of an American.

BEHRING SEA MATTER.

Italy's Selection of Arbitrator Believed to Give Satisfaction.

ROME, Sept. 6.—The selection of Marquis Emilio Viscounti Venosta as the Italian member of the Behring sea arbitration is believed to give satisfaction both to the British and the United States legations. He is said to be a gentleman of large general information, a good lawyer, and to be absolutely without politi- aspirations. The Italian government has been very much embarrassed in the choice of an arbitrator. According to the last communications between the two governments the arbitration will be held in Paris. The discussion may be made in French, but as all the documents relative to the subject will be written in English, it was imperative that all the members be perfectly acquainted with English. It appears that it has been difficult to find among the great lawyers of Italy one who understands English and who could accept the position.

Rear-End Collision.

AVON, N. Y., Sept. 6.—A rear-end collision between a passenger and freight train occurred shortly after 6 o'clock Monday evening on the Western New York and Pennsylvania railroad near this station. Engineer Thompson of the freight was badly squeezed between the tank and boiler. Fireman Gordon sustained a fractured hip and Conductor Savage a broken ankle. Mail Agent Cheney was thrown against a hook which penetrated his head, making a probably fatal wound. One lady unknown, was severely hurt. There were many excursionists on the train but none were hurt seriously. The track was cleared in a few hours.

Folchi To Be Reinstated.

ROME, Sept. 6.—In Vatican circles it is reported that Mgr. Folchi will soon be restored to his former position, which he lost by reason of his unfortunate speculation with St. Peter's pence. The friends of Mgr. Folchi have always claimed that he had the written authority of the pope for engaging in the speculations and that the Vatican treasury shared in them so long as they were successful. They also claimed that sooner or later he would be restored to his former position.

Election in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Sept. 6.—The general state election was held in Arkansas Monday under the new election law, and has resulted in a clean sweep for the Democracy. The Democratic ticket is elected by majorities ranging from 15,000 to 20,000. The opposition, the Republican and People's party lost everywhere, especially the People's party.

For Governor of New Hampshire.

CONCORD, Sept. 6.—Hon. J. B. Smith of Hillsboro was nominated by acclamation for governor by the Republican state convention.

William D. Fraunhoff, an old German, committed suicide at Joliet. He had been a sufferer from asthma, and several times had threatened to kill himself.

The condition of Governor Eagle of Arkansas, who is ill at Richmond, Ky., is somewhat improved.

At the corn fair which opened in Vienna the president of the Corn Exchange declared that American competition had taken all the profit from corn growing in Europe.

Washington will be able to house about 20,000 of her G. A. R. visitors in her school houses. Mattresses will be provided.

London not only has 5,000,000 people, but is growing rapidly.

Peter McCann of Chippewa City, Wis., was arrested for criminally assaulting Jennie Young while they were attending a dance.

Four business houses of Portland, Ind., cashed forged checks. The swindler escaped.

Rufus Gillespie of Mattoon, Ills., shot off his right arm while carelessly taking a musket from a buggy.

James Wilkins of La Grange, Ind., was bitten by a tarantula concealed in a bunch of bananas.

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The son of Howells, the novelist, has passed a brilliant examination for entrance to the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris.

Thomas McRitchie, 10 years old, fell under a train at Hillsdale, Mich., and was killed.

The gas well that was struck at Odell, Ills., last December and was shut down after burning several days, has broken out again with an enormous pressure.

WHOLESALE ARRESTS.

Lively Time at a Race Track in Chicago.

THE GARFIELD PARK CLUB RAIDED.

Five Hundred Policemen Make a Descent Upon the Place and Start in to Arrest Everybody in Sight—Judges, Jockeys, Bookmakers and Disorderly Spectators Have a Free Ride in the Patrol Wagon—Released on Bail.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—The most decided move yet made against the Garfield Park club track was that of Monday afternoon, when Inspector Lewis, supported by 500 police, made a sudden descent upon the place and began arresting every one from the backers of the affair to those who had come to see the races. The arrests were made on two warrants issued during the morning by Justice Glennon. They were sworn out by Thomas Windsor. One charged that Garfield park was a gaming place and ordered the arrest of M. C. McDonald, George and Al Hankins, Joseph Swigart, H. A. Varnell, M. L. Clark, Harry Wilkinson, and all parties participating in the games, either as attaches or spectators. The other was a disorderly warrant and called for the arrest of spectators or attaches who might become disorderly, besides calling for the apprehension of the controllers of the track. About 3 o'clock Inspector Lewis started for the track with his force of 500 bluecoats.

Arrested by the Wholesale.

As the patrols came near the track the gates at the lower entrance were seen to close. When Inspector Lewis drove up he found the gates locked and ordered them opened. A Pinkerton man refused to obey and it was necessary to break down the heavy structures with axes before an entrance was effected. The wagons dashed in and the officers jumping off began arresting everybody in sight. Three of the wagons were driven rapidly down the driveway to the grandstand and officers hurried to the bookies' stalls and placed the operators under arrest. Pinkerton men were captured and placed in wagons. Then Lieutenant Mahoney hurried to the judge's stand and placed Colonel Clark under arrest and escorted him to the patrol. While this scene was being enacted in the judge's stand the crowd on the grandstand and on the main floor were hissing and jeering at the police. Finally Captain Mahoney lost patience and ordered his officers to arrest the spectators. Fifty were captured in the grand rush and then the officers turned their attention to the grandstand.

Released on Bail.

Some one above had hurled a chair over the railing and it narrowly missed striking a detective on the head. As the police ran up the steps the crowd began to hiss, but when their errand became apparent a wild rush was made for the exits. Within twenty minutes after the police took possession of the track the ten wagons were packed with prisoners and a start was made for the station. Between 150 and 200 men, composed of bookmakers, jockeys, blackboard men, hustlers, watchmen, gatekeepers, spectators, and hangers-on were in custody. They were taken to the Harrison Street station and promptly released on bail. An hour after the raid began the grand stand had been cleared and everything for the day ended. Just two races were run before the interruption by Inspector Lewis and his force. A hundred additional prisoners were taken after the first detachment was started for the station, but these were all turned loose.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Gathered from Everywhere.

Burglars entered the Catholic church at Prairie du Chien, Wis., stealing a gold vestry service valued at $2,500.

Representatives of the various unions of the longshoremen of the great lakes met at Detroit and organized a National Longshoremen's association. Thomas McGarum of Buffalo was elected president.

A man supposed to be L. Cohen or L. Russo was found dead in his room at Keeler's hotel, Albany. He had committed suicide by suffocating himself with gas.

Lavis E. Hough, a farmer living near Oakville, Pa., was run down by a train and killed.

The Penn iron company at Lancaster, Pa., has started work after two months' idleness, giving employment to 300 men. The puddlers accept a reduction from $4 to $3.65 a ton.

Captain K. P. Rineman of the steamer Hispana of New Orleans is missing. He left for Cincinnati with a large sum of money in his pocket.

Horses at Wilmington, Del., have been attacked by anthrax, and a quarantine has been established on the stables.

Alonso Hefling, 16 years old, was drowned in the Sangamon river at Yellow Banks, near Petersburg, Ills., while bathing.

A large hay barn near Carthage, Ills., belonging to J. C. McMahan, burned with a loss of about $3,500; insured for $1,500.

Fire destroyed the Bowen, Ills., Brick and Tile works, entailing a loss of $20,000; no insurance.

J. L. Dickinson is in jail at Algona, Ia., for forging a draft on Caxton & Co. of Chicago.

About a dozen arrests were made at Homestead upon the charge of inciting riot. The Pinkertons claim to have gained valuable information about the riot of July 6.

The National Butter and Cheese association have decided to hold their next annual meeting in Dubuque, Ia., in February next.

Theodore Bird of Muncie, Ind., on account of jealousy shot and killed his wife and committed suicide.

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On account of cholera the French terminus of the Trans-Atlantique line has been changed from Havre to Cherbourg.

Mrs. John Thomas, aged 60 years, committed suicide at Martinsville, Ind.

President Hughart of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad has announced that the company cannot pay the September interest on the bonded debt.

The large grain elevator at Eau Claire, Mich., with all its contents was destroyed by fire.

Prizer & Bros.' store at Albia, Ia., was robbed of $1,000 worth of merchandise.

William Fogarty, released from the bridewell in Chicago went to Valparaiso, Ind., and was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years for stealing a pair of spectacles.

A light frost visited Marshfield, Wis., and vicinity. The damage is slight so far as reported.

William Brinkman, a milkman at Michigan City, Ind., was struck by a Lake Erie and Western train and killed.

Thomas McGrabb, a freight conductor of Indianapolis, was fatally crushed while coupling cars in the Big Four yards in Greensburg, Ind.

C. W. Luce has taken the place of Milo Eastman as superintendent of the Detroit, Bay City and Alpena railroad.

Dexter & Dana's store at Munsville, N. Y., was broken into and the safe robbed of $3,000 in cash, checks and accounts.

McKinley will address the Republican state convention of Connecticut in New Haven Sept. 7. Later in the campaign he will visit the state again.

Charles Karch, an old citizen of West Mascoutah, Ills., was recently scratched upon the hand by a pet dog. Blood poisoning set in and death came forty-eight hours later.

John Kolesar, a Cleveland wife murderer, hanged himself in his cell.

Four thousand people are in attendance at the old settlers meeting at Pittsfield, Ills.

Amos Barton, a farm hand living near Elkhart, Ills., committed suicide by swallowing morphine.

Striking quarrymen at the Flint Granite company's works, Monson, Mass., have returned to work.

Switchman A. J. Wilson was fatally hurt by a Lake Erie and Western engine at Lima, O.

A. P. Lillibridge was run down by a train at Garrison, Ia., and decapitated.

The Revere, Hall & Stoughton, Boston, and Boston Belting and Packing Rubber companies deny that they are in the rubber trust.

One million three hundred thousand pounds worth of pickles and sauces are

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Frank Martin, a farmer of Smithton township, Ills., was dragged over a mile by a runaway team and killed.

Governor Fifer has offered a reward of $300 for the arrest of the person or persons who killed William H. Napier in Pulaski county Aug. 23.

Mrs. Charlton Borris, wife of a farmer at San Pierre, Ind., Thursday killed her husband with a corn cutter. She suspected him of infidelity.

William Clark of Salt Lake City, who is extensively engaged in the sheep business in Montana, is missing. He received $1,000 a month ago and has not been heard from since. It is believed he was robbed and murdered.

The Nebraska State bank at Crete has closed its doors.

Judge D. C. Metsker has sold a few shares less than a one-half interest in the Sedalia, Mo., electric street railway to the Sedalia Electric Railway Light and Power company for $100,000.

Patrick Conway of Parsons, Pa., was killed and Patrick Flynn fatally injured on the Delaware and Hudson track at Archibald, Pa.

At Edmonton, Metcalf county, Ky., a mob broke into the jail and shot to death John Wilcoxsen, a negro, who last July killed James Coffee.

Dr. Leslie E. Keeley says we may have a scourge of cholera, and that the American cities are the dirtiest in the world.

Part of the money earned by Mrs. Custer last winter and spring in giving parlor lectures is devoted to the education of the daughter of a soldier killed on the same battlefield with General Custer.

The skirmish line has opened fire for the November battle. Arkansas votes Monday; Vermont Tuesday.

Cholera hospitals have just been established at Belfast, Cowes, and elsewhere.

German authorities announce that Russian emigrants will not be permitted to pass through Germany.

Henry Gibbs, a negro, has been arrested in Minneapolis for the murder of William Jones in St. Louis March 29.

The Order of the Temple of Honor and Temperance will hold its next national convention in the summer of 1893 in Rockford, Ills.

The freshmen class at Knox college at Galesburg, Ills., numbers 135, the largest in the history of the college.

Senator Allison and ex-Governor Gear addressed an audience of 8,000 people at Winfield, Ia., on the political issues of the day.

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While attending the Italian army manœuvers at Spoeto King Humbert was thrown from his horse. He escaped injury and will proceed to Genoa, according to his original intentions, arriving there Sept. 7 or 8

The coming election in Maine will mark the first trial of the Australian ballot system in that state.

Professor Robert E. Moore of Philadelphia, who has been giving Mr. Blaine a course of massage, says he considers him good for fifteen or more years of life.

Lizzie Uhler's body was found in Pine lake channel, near La Porte, Ind. It is supposed she committed suicide over disappointment in love.

Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Goitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer, who will send me their Express and P. O. address. Dr. T. A. Slocum, 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Gray Mare."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The Councilor's Wife."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—The Postmen's Benefit, Frank Daniels in "Little Puck."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Miss Julia Marlowe.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Kentucky Girl."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"One of the Bravest."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE AGAIN.

Chicago has got good cause to regret that, in an unlucky moment, she elected Hempstead Washburne to preside over her destinies for the space of two years. Under his regime there has been more interference with the liberty of the people, more police blundering and more faulty municipal service, in a general sense, than under any of his predecessors. Mr. Washburne may not be a wicked man, but that he is a weak one his constituency is only too well aware of. On Tuesday, in the police court of Mr. Blume, there was, perhaps, one of the most startling and sensational scenes that ever occurred in any court, high or low. The chief actors were Mayor Washburne, Corporation Counsel Miller, Chief of Police McClaughery, Mr. Alexander Sullivan, counsel for the defendants in the Garfield Park cases, and Mr. E. A. Bliss, counsel for the prosecution. When the cases were called Tuesday morning, Mr. Sullivan announced to Justice Blume that he had summoned for the defense the city officials already named, and, very soon, Mayor Washburne put in an appearance and was placed upon the witness stand. Chief McClaughery also appeared, but Mr. Sullivan insisted that he should leave the room until Mr. Washburne had testified, and in this, notwithstanding objection, he was sustained by the court. The Chicago *Herald* gives the following account of what occurred:

"Call the first witness," said Justice Blume.

"Hempstead Washburne!" the court crier shouted.

The dapper form of the mayor was soon seen advancing toward the witness stand. The mayor looked pale and restless. He nervously toyed with the cane he carried.

"I am ready," the witness said, turning to the justice. Alexander Sullivan was not ready to begin his broadside of questions, however. He wanted a little matter attended to before beginning his examination. "If it please your honor," he said, "I would wish to have Chief McClaughry asked to leave the court while Mayor Washburne is testifying."

"Ah!" came in chorus from the crowd at this. Something worth hearing was coming. Then Mr. Sullivan turned toward the mayor.

"You are mayor of Chicago?" "I am," replied the mayor.

There was a little preliminary fencing, then delicate ground was approached. The attorney quietly but in an emphatically pointed way, asked:

"Was a proposition ever made to you, Mr. Mayor, to close up Garfield Park?"

There was a shuffling of feet. The people wanted to move nearer so as not to miss a syllable. The mayor hesitated. The question was repeated.

"Must I answer?" said Mayor Washburne to the justice.

"It is relevant, yes," was the response.

Now the crisis had come. In a tremulous voice the mayor went on to reply:

"Some weeks ago Major McClaughery came to my office and asked what I thought of an offer made by James Burke at the Hawthorne track, to give $50,000 to the Republican campaign fund if Garfield Park could be closed. I told him the proposition could not be considered. He agreed with me and the subject was dropped."

"Do you think the major brought the subject up as a serious proposition?" asked Mr. Bliss.

"Most emphatically, no. He told me of the matter more as a narrative."

"Were you informed of the intended raid of Friday?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear anything further of the $50,000 proposition?"

"No; the major never mentioned the subject again."

Attorney Clarence Knight, for the defense, had a few further questions to ask:

"Was there nothing else said at that conference?" he asked.

"McClaughry asked me what we'd better do about it, as it was a big sum," said the mayor.

"What was your reply?'

"Why, that we couldn't entertain any such proposition for a moment."

"What further?"

"I asked the chief if Burke was a representative of the Hawthorne racing track. He said: 'Yes; he's connected with those people.'"

After an examination of Corporation Counsel Miller, which was not particularly important, Maj. McClaughery was called.

"When he responded to the crier's call," says the *Herald*, "he was evinently startled at the wondering way in which the crowd gazed at him. Everybody was flushed and flurried.

"The chief bowed to the mayor, who was about to leave the court room, as he passed on to the stand.

If he had known what the mayor had just sworn to, many remarked, he might have dispensed with the courtesy.

Attorney Bliss deftly tried to put a question to the chief before Lawyer Sullivan began his examination. Mr. Bliss attempted, in a leading question, to put the witness on his guard by outlining what the mayor had testified. In an instant Mr. Sullivan was on his feet in protest.

The justice decided against Mr. Bliss, and the examination proceeded.

"Do you know James Burke?"

"I have known him for fifteen years."

"Did Burke ever suggest to you that the Hawthorne people would give $50,000 to have the Garfield track closed up?"

"No, sir; he never did."

"Did you talk to the mayor about Burke's proposition to give $50,000 to the campaign fund if the Garfield track were closed?"

"No, sir."

"Did you have a talk with the mayor a short time ago about the closing of Garfield park?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"About that time did you have in your mind anything about an offer of $50,000 for the closing of the track?"

"I merely gathered the idea from the general gossip about the city hall and among the newspaper reporters that if the stories concerning the willingness of the Garfield party to pay $50,000 to be let alone were true, the other fellows, the Corrigan crowd, would undoubtedly be willing to give an equal amount to have the Garfield fellows closed up."

"What was Mr. Burke doing in the adjoining room at the time?"

"Waiting to see the mayor, I presume."

"Now, do you swear that you did not state to the mayor that Mr. Burke had suggested to you that the Hawthorne people would give $50,000 to the Republican campaign fund if Garfield park be closed?"

"I did not."

"Did you make any intimation of the proposition or suggestion in connection with Mr. Burke's name?"

"No, sir."

"How did you hear that the Garfield people were willing to pay $50,000 to secure immunity?"

"Oh, from common talk floating about. The newspaper men who came into my office said something about it. I can't tell who said it."

"But you are accustomed to identifying people. Here are lots of newspaper men in the court. Was it any one of them?"

"I can't say."

"Did you ever take any advice from Burke?"

"Yes, sir, some, but I didn't know until lately that he was a Hawthorne man. Burke and I have been friends for years, and his brother, Bishop Burke, was a frequent visitor at my home in Joliet. Burke told me that he was solicitous about my welfare and wanted to see me get along. He gave me advice because of his friendship, and on the strength of his assertion that I should go ahead and close up the Garfield Park club and uphold my reputation as a courageous man——"

"And religious man, too," suggested Mr. Sullivan.

The witness' eyes flashed angrily. "I do not come here to be insulted," he tartly responded.

"Oh, I merely observed that because you mentioned your friendship for the bishop," remarked the counsel.

Now, surely, here there is a case of flat contradiction if ever one existed. It is hardly possible that the constant smoking of the deadly cigarette has made the mayor so forgetful, or abstracted, as to confound his great and good Chief of Police, imported from abroad, with some merely local Chicago sinner. Perhaps some clever rascal impersonated McClaughery on the occasion, and as the mayor only saw that saintly person through a dense cloud of pungent tobacco smoke, he may have been mistaken. He heard, indeed, the voice of Jacob, but he he did not feel the hands of Esau.

Then again, here is Chief McClaughery with a reputation for Spartanic sternness, absolute purity of mind, large experience in the knowledge of the very worst kind of men, could he have been forgetful in a matter of such moment as the mention of $50,000, to be expended for patriotic purposes? It must be acknowledged that there was nothing small about the alleged offer of Mr. Burke, but, somehow, it has not been made clear to us, by the mayor's evidence, whether the cash was to be used for the pending campaign or that which is to come "when the flowers shall bloom in the spring, tra la." THE CITIZEN would like to have that point clearly established, because, if the fund was intended for immediate use, no charge of selfishness could be made against his Honor, or his very diplomatic Chief of police. As it is, the whole business is a befogging mystery. There is talk of prosecuting the Chief for conspiracy and perjury, but are not his memory and his oath as good, at least, as the Mayor's? It has never been charged against Major McClaughery that he was guilty of smoking cigarettes, and if it should come to pass that the ruler of the city should get into trouble on account of his infirmities of memory, we hope that the jury, if one should try the case, may take a merciful view of his sins, and attribute any mental flaccidity not to natural viciousness, but to the abominable cigarette which has, before now, destroyed much more stalwart intellects than his Honor's.

COL. ELLIOTT'S LIBRARY FOR SALE.

The fine library of the unfortunate Col. William J. Elliott, now serving a life sentence in the Ohio penitentiary for killing a man who had insulted a lady of his family, is on sale in Columbus, O., for the benefit of his young wife and helpless children. The sale is under the direction of the Hon. Lorenzo D. Hagerty and Mr. Joseph A. Egan, of that city, and all inquiries relative to catalogues, etc., should be addressed to them. We understand that a strong effort is being made upon the part of Col. Elliott's friends in Ohio to have his sentence mitigated, and that the movement extends to all classes of citizens. While THE CITIZEN cannot approve the extreme aggressiveness of tone adopted by Col. Elliott while engaged in personal journalism, and while it believes that he was somewhat to blame for the tragedy which led to his punishment, it holds that the sentence passed upon him was too severe. He boldly risked his own life. He did not kill his opponent in a sneaking, cowardly fashion, but in open fight, and, at the worst, his offense amounted to manslaughter. The judge who tried the case was grossly prejudiced, as proven out of his own mouth, and, in short, American justice was not upheld in the murderously severe sentence passed upon a man who had, in the greenness of his youth, gallantly defended the flag and the cause of the Union.

THE GARFIELD TRACK TRAGEDY.

The dreadful tragedy enacted at Garfield race track in this city on Tuesday, by which Col. James M. Brown, the well known horseman, and Officers Powell and McDowell lost their lives, must make every good citizen of Chicago feel humiliated. Accounts of the tragedy, given in the morning papers, differ but slightly, and the weight of evidence goes to show that a police officer, not one of the victims, however, fired the first shot, on the refusal of Brown to surrender at sight. The latter said he would not submit to arrest unless a warrant were shown him, but he forgot that there is a great difference between Texas and Chicago in the administration of the law. In fact, although we boast loudly, on occasions, of the perfection of our republican institutions, there is often far less regard for the life and the liberty of the citizen in America than in some monarchical countries. It is a recognized principle in Great Britain and Ireland that no fugitive shall be fired upon by officers of the law unless he shall have broken physical arrest, and then only when he endangers the lives of the officers of the law in pursuit. This is not the case in America, and, more particularly, in Chicago. Here, the police, whether armed with warrants or otherwise, are allowed, indeed commanded, to fire upon fugitives from justice, or otherwise, before they have laid hands upon them.

The mere fact of a man taking to his heels should not be an invitation to shoot him in his tracks, as if he were a wild animal. Col. Brown, of Texas, was, no doubt, a man of fierce temper. He was brought up in the American frontier idea that a warrant is indispensable in a case of arrest—something that has been a dead letter here for many years. When Chris. Rafferty shot Officer O'Meara in 1872, his counsel proved that the officer had no warrant for his arrest, but it availed nothing in the end and Rafferty was finally executed. If the daily papers' accounts of the shooting at Garfield race are correct, the spectacle was presented of a small, middle-aged man, in a gray suit which identified him, being chased over the prairie by a crowd of policemen as if he had been a coyote. The officers, of course, were under orders and obeyed them to the letter. Two of them bravely sacrificed their lives in doing what they believed to be their duty.

Yet their lives were thrown away, because there was no call for dead haste in the matter of arresting Brown. He had drawn a revolver, it is true, but it does not appear that he used it until near the end of the chase which ended in his death and that of two of his pursuers. If he had been a cool-headed, sensible man he would have yielded, in the first place, but being fiery tempered and filled with old fashioned notions of American liberty, he took the reverse course with most tragical results. In this sad connection the question arises, ought the police be allowed to arrest men who have committed no heinous crime without a warrant from a magistrate? In the cases of known criminals, custom has allowed arrests to be made without a warrant, but the whole system is in violation of the fundamental rights of the citizen. Col. Brown's only crime was that he was a sporting horseman. He asked to be shown a warrant, and his request was not granted. Then he fell back upon what is supposed to be the American right of resistance to false arrest, and three homes are made desolate as a consequence. The burden of his pursuers' cry was "shoot the man in gray." It was worthy of Cornwallis in Ireland and of Constantine in Poland. It is a bad, bloody and false system and should be done away with by the law which it disgraces and outrages. THE CITIZEN has ever been the friend of the Chicago police force, which, as a whole, is a brave and admirable body of men, but it has this advice to give: Do not, except in extreme cases, be too ready with your clubs or your pistols.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

The Republican County Convention assembled at Battery D, last Wednesday morning, and placed in nomination the following ticket:

Judges of the circuit court	Edmund W. Burke, Elbridge Hanecy.
Judges of the superior court	Kirk Hawes, Elliott Anthony, Leander D. Condee, Farlin Q. Ball, A. H. Chetlain, B. F. Nicholson.
State's attorney	Charles G. Neely.
Coroner	Henry Eschor
Clery of the circuit court	Henry Spaerr.
Clerk of the superior court	William Lorimer.
Recorder	John Stephens.
President of the county board	George Struckman.
County commissioners—South side	Addison Ballard, R. G. Schutters, Daniel J. Deasy.
County commissioners—North side	Charles Burmeister, Gustav L. Nelson, John W. Turner.
County commissioners—West side	James Shailerup, James F. Stepina, George W. Spofford, James M. Quinn.
County Commissioners—Country districts	Nelson A. Cool, George Struckman, O. D. Allen, J. W. Gress, F. N. Hoffman.
Drainage trustee	David Ward Wood.
County surveyor	T. J. Foster.

Owing to certain circumstances, Mr. M. P. Brady declined to allow his name to be used as a candidate for a judgeship. Most of the judicial nominees are well known, particularly Judges Hawes and Anthony. Elbridge Hanecy and Edmund Burke bear Irish-American names. Farlin Q. Ball is a very popular gentleman and an excellent lawyer. Mr. Neeley has proven himself to be a man of ability in the State's Attorney's office. Mr. Nicholson has already served the city with zeal and discretion. Taken as a whole the ticket is not bad, but it might have been made better in the matter of the Clerkships, if some leading Irish-American had been nominated for one of those offices. The Democratic nominee for the Superior Court Clerkship is a strong man before the people, and it will require hard work on the part of the Republicans to defeat him. Mr. Quinn and Mr. Deasy, both highly respectable citizens, are the Irish-American representatives on the list of Republican County Commissioners.

DEFEAT OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

After a triumphant career as pugilistic champion of the world, which extended over a decade, John L. Sullivan, the Boston gladiator, was squarely defeated by James J. Corbett, the stalwart Californian, at New Orleans last Wednesday evening. THE CITIZEN abhors prize fighting in every form, and has no sympathy whatever with the brutal instinct which leads masses of men—some of them passing for respectable—to witness such exhibitions as that of the Sullivan-Corbett pounding match. Still, allowance must be made for the imperfections of mankind in general, and the craze of the public to witness bloody fist encounters only goes to prove that we are still savages held somewhat in restraint by law and custom. As a mere display of animal courage and brute force, the Sullivan-Corbett contest was a success, although the Boston man did not fight with his usual vim, and his conquest by Corbett was comparatively an easy matter. Sullivan failed to do himself justice. He was not in condition, and Corbett was younger and more nimble. He gave the ex champion some terrific blows, and, to use the slang term, "knocked him out" in the twenty-first round. Any other man than Sullivan would have been killed outright by Corbett's stomach blows, which "the big fellow" did not take the trouble to ward off. As both Sullivan and Corbett carried American and Irish colors combined, there was no feeling of race prejudice aroused by the contest. Corbett's father and mother were, like Sullivan's, born in Ireland, and both men, in spite of their ugly calling, have respect and love for the old motherland.

THE judges of the monster labor parade were, the Hon. D. C. Cregier, Col. W. P. Read, T. J. Ford, A. S. Beamish, N. C. Linn, James W. Scott, Richard O'Neill, representing Victor F. Lawson, Rev. Dr. Henry and John Beegan. We understand they assigned the prizes as follows: For best marching, the horse shoers; for best appearance, the printers; for greatest numbers, the carpenters.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$225 50
Patrick Ryan, 6510 Cottage Grove avenue.	2 00
Thomas Mellon, 6515 Maryland avenue	2 00
J. E. Glynn, 6613 Drexel avenue	1 00
Bryan Kane 6503 Maryland avenue	1 00
J. S. Dacey	1 00
James Small, 4430 Wentworth avenue	1 00
John Maher, 4430 Wentworth avenue	1 00
Jeremiah Ryan, 4430 Wentworth avenue	1 00
Con. Ryan, 471 W. Harrison street	1 00
James A. Garvey, 6517 Langley avenue	1 00
John Howrigan, 471 W. Harrison street	1 00
J. McIntyre, 65th street and Maryland av.	1 00
John Hays, 6315 Peoria street	1 00
Martin Gurley, 4432 Atlantic street	1 00
Lawrence Flemming, 4432 Atlantic street	1 00
M. McWade	1 00
W. M. Rabbitt	1 00
Andrew V. Conway	1 00
Sympathizer	1 00
Mrs. O'Brien, 581 Twenty-seventh street	1 00
Wm. Leudner	50
Harry Ryan, 4430 Wentworth avenue	50
Thomas Conway, 6007 Drexel avenue	50
Henry White, 6007 Drexel avenue	50
Patrick Healy, Adams and Jefferson	50
William Pickett	50
Frank Montaigue, 6503 Maryland avenue	50
Thomas Flinn	50
C., 1518 Hyde Park	50

AN INFAMOUS LIE REFUTED.

One of the favorite slanders of anti-Irish writers, says the *Boston Pilot*, is that 74 per cent. of the Irish soldiers in our late war were deserters. The lie was repeated the other day by an English agent in Boston. Hon. John R. Murphy in reply furnishes the following official communication, which proves that the lie was manufactured out of the whole cloth. As it comes through Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, the statement should be convincing to our British-American friends. It will not silence their slanderous tongues, of course, but it will convince honest men—and the other kind need not be considered:—

RECORD AND PENSION OFFICE
WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington City, July 25.

Hon. H C Lodge, House of Representatives:—

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, by your reference, this morning, of a communication from Charles Leyden, of Malden, Mass., who encloses a newspaper clipping containing a statement to the effect that there were 144,000 soldiers of Irish descent in the service of the United States during the late war; that of this number 104,000 deserted. Mr. Leyden also requests you to obtain for him from the War Department the correct figures.

In reply I have the honor to return herewith the letter of your correspondent and the newspaper clipping enclosed, and to inform you that no compilation has ever been made by this department upon which any statement concerning this matter can be based.

In the first place the number of soldiers of any given nativity in service during the war is not known, and consequently it has not been possible for this or any other department to make even an approximately correct statement of the percentage of desertions among the soldiers of Irish or any other nativity.

To determine these percentages with any degree of accuracy would necessitate an examination of the records of more than 2,500,000 of enlistments. Such an examination has never been undertaken by the War Department, which is the sole custodian of the records of the volunteer armies, and no person outside the War Department has the means of making any reliable estimate concerning the matter in question. The figures contained in the newspaper clipping transmitted by your correspondent are not based upon any report furnished from the official records, and are entitled to no credence whatever. Very respectfully, F. C. AINSWORTH, Colonel U. S. Army, Chief of Record and Pension Office.

GREAT LABOR DEMONSTRATION.

Chicago never witnessed a finer display of bone and muscle, combined with organized intelligence, than the parade of the trade and labor organizations last Monday. It was a mighty, peaceful army of American citizens, carrying the flag of their grand country and proud to march beneath its folds. The heroic bronze statue of Lincoln, in the park which bears his name, seemed to smile upon the stalwart army of American manhood, which, rank on rank, filed around the base of the pedestal from early afternoon until sundown. Most of the men who participated in the display were at the best fighting age—from twenty to forty—and, organized into an army, would have given a good account of themselves in dealing with a foreign foe. It was difficult to decide which more to admire, the high physical standard of the stalwart marchers, or the well-bred, intelligent expression of their well cut faces. The republic need never fear for the loyalty of such citizens. Where so many organizations were excellent, it is difficult to award the meed of praise to a few; but public opinion seemed to be agreed upon assigning foremost places to the horse shoers, the iron moulders, the plumbers and the cornice makers. Other societies that turned out in great force were the bakers, carpenters, steam and gas fitters, printers and mechanical engineers. The seamen's union sent out a fine battalion of blue jackets, who looked as neat, trim and brocked as if they had stepped from the deck of a first-class man of war, after a long cruise in the tropical regions.

Nearly all the societies marched with great spirit to the inspiring music of the military bands, and those who carried red banners took care to associate with them the national colors. In one society of mechanics appeared a banner with this sentiment: "We stand by the American flag!" No society along the line of march got more cheers than it did.

Although Carter Harrison had not been honored with an invitation to attend or to speak, he was on hand in all his glory, mounted on a Kentucky thoroughbred, and armored from head to foot in burnished brass. He rode at the head of the bricklayers, and presented a handsome and martial appearance. All along the route he was greeted with shouts of "There goes Carter!" "How are you, Carter?" and so on; to which the ex-mayor gracefully responded by by waving his slouch hat and bending to the saddle bow. His polite exertions must have fatigued him sorely, but he was, no doubt, compensated by the attention, half earnest, half ironical, which he received. He was certainly the most sensational figure in the parade.

The day, which had been beautiful, grew chilly toward evening, but, notwithstanding, the attendance at Ogden Grove and Sharpshooter's Park was enormous. At the former gathering spoke Congressmen Durborow and McGann, R. M. Patterson, H. F. Donovan, Nathaniel Sears and John F. Finerty; at the other, Hon. Richard Prendergast, Hon. D. C. Cregier, Hon. Miles Kehoe, Joseph P. Mahoney, Mark L. Crawford and Edward Maher. All the speeches were brief, and dealt exclusively with the interests of labor.

PERSONAL.

Our old and much esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Flood, of this city, has just returned from a prolonged trip to Colorado, where he visited his son, Albert Barsfield Flood, the youthful and popular mayor of the promising city of Brooklyn. Mr. Flood, Jr., has thrice been elected mayor of that town, and he is so well liked by all classes of the people that his last election was without opposition. He is a Republican in politics. Mr. Thomas Flood and his family were charmed by the glorious scenery of Colorado, particularly the majestic snowy range of mountains, rising grandly above the dense forests that clothe the foothills in the garb of evergreen. The fair and flourishing city of Denver also greatly pleased them, and Mr. Flood says that if any place on the earth could tempt him away from Chicago it would be Denver.

OBITUARY.

MR. OWEN FARLEY.

On Aug. 25, at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Riley, No. 23 Edgemont avenue, Mr. Owen Farley died, at the age of 22 years and two months. Mr. Farley was a native of Kellystown, County Meath Ireland. Though coming to this country at an early age, he worked his way remarkably well. He was for years in the employ of the Chicago City Railway Company. He joined the police force of the city about nine months ago. In every movement for the amelioration of the condition of his native land he was an earnest and enthusiastic worker. A platoon of police from Woodlawn Park station acted as pall bearers, and the vast cortege of carriages that accompanied the remains to Calvary cemetery was evidence of his popularity.

Literary Notes.

The *Arena* for September presents a rich and varied table of contents, as will be seen from the following: "The Future of Islam," by Ibn Ishak; "Old Stock Days," by James A. Herne, with a full-page portrait of Mr. Herne; "Psychical Research," by Rev. M. J. Savage; "The Communism of Capital," by Hon. John Davis, M. C.; the third paper in the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy, by Elwin Reed; "Successful Treatment of Typhoid Fever," by Dr. C. E. Page; "Under the Dome of the Capitol," by Hamlin Garland; "Walt Whitman," by Prof. Willis Boughton, Ph. D.; "Bricks Without Straw," a story of the modern west by John Hudspeth; A Symposium on Woman's Dress Reform," prepared under the auspices of the National Committee of Women of the United States, containing papers by May Wright Sewall, President of the National Council; Frances E. Russell, chairman of the Dress Reform Committee; Mrs. Jennese Miller, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, and Frances M. Steele. The editor writes on "The Menace of Plutocracy," and books of the day are critically reviewed. The *Arena* should be read by thoughtful people, especially if interested in the new thought of the age and the reformative impulse of the hour.

The Lottery to End.

It would appear by the following item from a recent issue of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* that the suggestion in several newspapers of late, that the Louisiana State Lottery Company intends setting up business elsewhere, is erroneous and that it will close up shop on the expiration of its present charter.

In view of the contradictory rumors circulated regarding the intentions of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in order to accurately answer numerous inquiries, a representative of the *Times-Democrat* yesterday interviewed Mr. Paul Conrad, the president of the company, with the result expressed below.

Reporter—Mr. Conrad, it was asserted some weeks ago in the Northern newspapers, and the statement has since been revived recently, that the company is about to remove to Nicaragua, and there, under a government franchise open up the business on a grander scale than ever.

President Conrad—I have heard something of this, but there is no foundation for it. The company has officially stated that it bows to the decision of the Supreme Court and will respect the laws.

Reporter—Then you have no plans of future action?

President Conrad—I cannot state the case more strongly than was done at the time the company decided not to attempt to obtain a renewal of its charter. I can only repeat that the company will continue in business until the expiration of its present charter and then cease to exist. I cannot understand, after all that has been said, why there should be any confusion in the public mind about the matter.

Reporter—Have you any objection to my stating this as a finality for the satisfaction of the public?

President Conrad—None whatever.

Reporter—Some of the Eastern papers, Mr. Conrad, persistently assert that the lottery company continues to use the United States mails in the prosecution of its business; will you kindly tell me if that is true?

President Conrad—It is utterly untrue. We are obeying the law in its letter and spirit, and our agents everywhere are instructed to obey it. We are using the express companies only in our business, and in all our circulars are printed instructions to all persons dealing with us to avoid the mails.

IRELAND'S LITERATURE.

Brilliant Lecture Before the London Irish Literary Society by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

What "Young Ireland" So Brilliantly Began, Ought to be Continued by This Generation.

The following brilliant discourse was recently delivered by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy before the Irish Literary Society of London, Eng.:

Speaking to a society of young Irishmen who love their country and burn to serve her, I am tempted to broach a subject which has long lain in my mind, waiting for the fit audience. The famine of 1846 paralyzed many force in Ireland, and none more disastrously than our growing literature. How little has been done in the region of mind since that calamity, and by what isolated and spasmodic efforts? The era on which the famine fell was intellectually a singularly fruitful one A company of young men, among the most generous and disinterested in our annals, were busy digging up the relics of our history, to enlighten the present by a knowledge of the past, setting up on their pedestals anew the overthrown statues of Irish worthies, assailing wrongs which under impunity had become unquestioned and even venerable, and warming as with strong wine the heart of the country, by songs of valor and hope; and happily not standing isolated in their pious work, but encouraged and sustained by just such an army of students and sympathizers as I see around me today. The famine swept away their labors, and their passionate attempts to arrest and redress the destruction it inflicted, delivered themselves over to imprisonment and exile. Their incomplete work, produced amid the tumult and conflict of a great political struggle, has been a treasure to two generations of Irishmen; and it supplied the impulse of work equal to their own, for Lefanu, Butt, Lecky and others whom I refrain from naming, and even their seniors and predecessors, Petrie and O'Donovan, were kindled into new ardor by the flame lighted by these enthusiasts. The patriot's library has not been burthened some in latter times. But Moore's Melodies, Griffin's and Banim's novels, the histories of MacGeoghegan and Curry, and the writings of these young men have been a constant cordial to the sorely-tried spirit of our people. Since their day, individual writers have done useful work from the unquenchable desire God has planted in men's hearts to serve their own race, but there has been no organized attempt to raise the mind of the country to higher and more generous ideals of life and duty, or to quicken its interest in things which it behooves us to know. No nation can with impunity neglect the mind of the growing generation, the generation which after a little time will guide its counsels and guard its interests. The thought which has long haunted my reveries, and which I desire to speak out today, is that the young men of this generation might and should take up anew the unfinished work of their predecessors, and carry it another stage towards the end which they aimed to reach. Why should they not? Every generation of men furnishes its own tale of thinkers and workers. The mind of Ireland has not grown barren, nor will I believe that it has grown indifferent, though public cares have diverted it away from intellectual pursuits. There are men, I do not doubt, fit and worthy and willing to undertake such a task.

Have you reflected on all we have lost and are losing by the subsidence of the intellectual enthusiasm of half a century ago? It is not alone that we are deficient in knowledge essential to equip us for the battle of life by an acquaintance with the character, capacities and history of our own country, but, far worse than that, the mind of the generation destined some day to fill our places, the youthful mind which used to be kindled and purified by the poetry and legends of Ireland, runs serious risk of becoming debased, perhaps depraved, by battening on the garbage of literature. I have made inquiries, and I am assured that the books carefully read by the young in Ireland are defective or other sensational stories from England and America, and vile translations from the French of vile originals. It is for the moralist, and indeed for all of us who love Ireland, to consider whether the virtues for which our people were distinguished, purity, piety and simplicity, are not seriously endangered by such intellectual diet. I have been vehemently warned that these detestable books can only be driven out by books more attractive, and I will not dispute the proposition. There are histories and biographies which delight the student, there is a poetry which is an inspiration and a solace to healthy minds, which it would be useless, I admit, to offer to young men accustomed to the dram-drinking of sensational literature. To them, at any rate, you must bring books which will excite and gratify the love of the wonderful, and carry them from the commonplace world to the regions of romance. And why may not this be done? Why may there not be opened to them a nobler world of wonder, the story of transcendent achievements, the romance of history, the "fairy tales of science?" In the dominion of intellectual wonder there are many fair fields, and only one narrow corner which is vicious and debased. To the student, using that word in the wide sense which covers all who study, you must bring solider and more attractive offerings than the things you ask him to reject, and, again, I ask, why should you not?

It may be demanded, where are the writers to supply these captivating books? Let me ask, where in 1840 were the writers who were exciting universal enthusiasm in 1843? Like them the men of the future are, consciously or unconsciously, preparing for their task; they are waiting the occasion—occasion which is the stage where alone great achievements are performed. I could name, if it were needful, a few writers not unworthy to succeed the men of '43, but their work will speak for them. I prefer to say that if there were not one man of genius left of the Irish race there are already materials sufficient to furnish useful and delightful books for half a dozen years. With a memory running back over ten decades of reading, I confidently affirm that there are scattered in magazines and annuals, in luckless books overlooked in the hurry of our political march, in publications the very names of which are forgotten by the present generation, Irish stories of surpassing interest, fit to win and fascinate young Irish readers, which would not degrade or debase them, but make them better men and better Irishmen. And in the other domains of literature, Irish writers living in or belonging to a country where unhappily there was no market for books, carried their work to periodicals where it has lain interred for generations. How many rare and interesting books there are of which we have lost all trace and memory! I put lately into the hands of a friend of large intellectual appetite half a dozen little volumes of which he had never heard. "Tales," I said, pointing to the first, "was written by a Presbyterian minister, who described with infinite humor the relations between the squire and the peasant a hundred years ago, and it is almost as true today as it was then. The writer was hanged as a traitor in 98 by the very squire whom he had depicted, and his little book is read with enthusiasm to this day by northern farmers who call themselves Orangemen and Unionists This second volume, I said, is the first poem written by Bulwer Lytton, and the hero is an O'Neill who rallied his nation against England. Here's a little volume on the Land Question published in America fifty years ago by a poor exiled Irishman, which anticipates the alarming proclamation of the first principles by Fintan Lalor and Henry George, and it is as unknown in Ireland as the lost books of Livy." I do not suggest that you should publish these books or any of them, but surely they are finger-posts pointing to an unexplored territory. Speaking of the resources for a popular library which we already have in hand I may say that one third of the writings of Thomas Davis and Clarence Mangan have not been collected in volumes. Davis' most remarkable achievement as an historian: "The Patriot Parliament," no calls it—not the Parliament of Grattan, but the Parliament of Tyrconnell, was prepared for publication by his own hand, and it has remained without a publisher for two generations. Nothing of the miscellaneous writings of John Blake Dillon, John O'Hagan, Thomas F Meagher or Charles Kickham, have been gathered into books. And how much of the wealth of our ancient Gaelic literature lies buried in untranslated MSS, or in the translations of learned societies.

A perfectly honest and respectable blockhead asked me recently, what was the use of books for men working for their daily bread, or for young fellows whose first business in life was to make some way in the world? From the highest class in the nation to the lowest, good books are the very salt of life. They make us wiser, manlier, more honest and what is less than any of these, more prosperous. It is not the least of their merits that good books make good men and patriotic citizens. Robert Burns declard that reading the "Life of William Wallace" poured a tide of Scottish sentiment into his veins, which would roll till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest. A man who has done and suffered much for Ireland during the last forty years, has often avowed that he was made a patriot by reading the Poems of Thomas Davis, when recovering from a severe illness; and how many other Irishmen have confessed the same debt to him and his associates? The great Dominican, Father Burke, and Prof. Tyndall of Belfast, the fierce Unionist, are equally warm in their acknowledgment of the effect produced upon them in their youth by the writings of the Young Irelanders. The late Judge O'Hagan, one of the most upright and gifted of Irishmen, used to declare that the evening when he first read the address of John Blake Dillon to the College Historical society, he was a Whig, but the next day, and ever after, he was a Nationalist. To how many of us is that address still inaccessible? Would it not be a beneficent work to republish it? Surely, there is no Irishman of any political persuasion who would not be glad of the opportunity of reading a work which produced such an effect on such a man.

The discipline of education is not for ornament merely but for practical use Without it men and nations miss their path in life, and let slip opportunities of progress and prosperity. It is as precious to the poor man as to the rich one. In Australia I have seen a generation of shepherds and sheep farmers, who long trod a soil seamed with gold, knowing nothing of the treasures beneath their feet. Is not the Irish farmer often as ignorant of the wealth which other nations draw from the earth, or from the enterprise born of the leisure and security which the possession of the soil creates? The petty industries which helped to make French farms prosperous are just as suitable to our own country, and just as feasible in it. London is supplied from Normandy with farm produce which would come more naturally from Munster, and the French make their households pleasant with dainty preparations of vegetables which the Irish fling away with contempt Switzerland is more destitute of coal than Ireland, but Switzerland competes successfully with England in her own markets with manufactures for which she does not possess the raw material. When I met in France, Italy and Egypt the marmalade manufactured in Dundee, and sugar is not manufactured there, but enterprise and industrial education are native to the soil. Is not this a department in which there is something to be taught the people by useful books?

What do we hope and desire to make of Ireland? This is the question on which the character of education ought to depend. In Switzerland the bulk of the people live on their own farms, not needing or desiring great wealth, but enjoying free, simple lives, ennobled by the perfect liberty which the poet declares is a child of the mountains. In Belgium there are many husbandmen thriving on the benign industries cultivated at home, which rear a nobler class of men than the stricken legions who serve the steam engine and the water wheel. It is not for me to dogmatize on the proper development of Ireland, but assuredly to be wise and successful it must harmonize with the nature of the people, and correct it where correction is needful. Education is far stronger than nature, and there is no doubt the deficiencies in national character may be repaired by discipline. The highest teaching of a people is to accustom them to have a strict regard for the rights of others, to be prudent and temperate in action, and to regard the whole nation as members of a common household. To make our people politically free, yet leave them bond slaves of some debasing social system like that which crowds the mines and factories of England with squalid victims, or make the serfs us of France so often godless scoffers, would be a poor result of all Ireland's labors and sacrifices.

Liberty will do much for a nation, but it will not do everything. Among a people who do not know and reverence their own ancestors, who do not submit cheerfully to lawful authority, and do not love the eternal principles of justice, it will do little. But the moral sentiments, the generous impulses, the religious feelings still survive in the Irish race, and they give assurance that in that mystic clime on the verge of the Western Ocean, where the more debasing currents of European civilization only visit it at high tide, there is place for a great experiment for humanity. There within our circling seas we may rear a race in which the fine qualities of the Celtic family, fortified by the sterner strength of the North, and disciplined by the Norman genius of Munster, may at last have fair play; and where at last a pious and gallant race may after long struggles and nameless sufferings possess their own soil and their own souls in peace.

Let me say, though I have said it more than once before, that the Celts are among the most teachable of races. The drill, the jacket, the discipline, transform an Irish peasant into a sub-constable with as military a carriage, and as expert an eye and hand as a veteran of the Peninsula. A few years in a National school, and the boy who emerged from a smoky and squalid cabin, shared with a pig, is turned into a clean and shapely youth, fit to wrestle with the world, and to win the match. Look at a railway porter, or a railway policeman—the decent uniform and the punctual system soon make a new man of the peasant And this physical training is a small thing compared with the result of discipline on the intellect and practical power of cultivated, aspiring men. The one multiplies iron, the other multiplies rarest gold of Ophir An English priest in Paris, with little prejudice in favor of Ireland, assured me that no girls crossed the sea who acquire so speedily the carriage, deportment and grace which distinguish French women as girls from Munster, who have perhaps come as servants to some great lady.

It has been asked scornfully what we can hope to do in this little country with diminishing population and resources? Ought not some Irish student teach our people that it is not great states like those which the greed of conquerors has accumulated, but states scarcely larger than an Irish province which have done the greatest work for humanity and civilization? The achievements in arts, arms, science, and discovery, and in the art of government, of the Greek republics, of the Italian republics, of the trampled provinces of Spain in the low countries, of the little rib taken out of the side of Spain, and called Portugal, how emphatically they teach the lesson that it is not by the quantity but by the quality of their men that states are glorified! A little book which told this great story would be a boon to our people.

It would be presumptuous to name the books which ought to be published, but we may profitably consider the class and character to be preferred.

Big books of history are only for students, they are never read by the people. But the people, young men at any rate, will read picturesque biographies, which are history individualized, or vivid sketches of memorable eras which are history vitalized. A dozen lives of representative Irishmen would teach more of the training and growth of Ireland than a library of annals and State papers. They would familiarize us with men, which the Celt loves better than systems or policies. This is the class of books in which we are most deficient; there are no memoirs of Roger O'More, none of Luke Wadding, none of Patrick Sarsfield, none of a man as fertile in intellect, as firm in judgment as any of these, a man whom some of us have seen in the flesh, the wise and fearless J. E. L. Mr. Fitzpatrick has collected his letters and literary remains with commendable care, it only needs that some sympathetic student should ponder over them till the electric spark is kindled, that a new figure may be given to our imagination for ever. The first great poet who sang the wrongs of Ireland with civilized Europe for an audience, has never had a memoir. He has been singularly unfortunate in his biographer. Lord John Russell discharged on the public several cart-loads of undigested diaries as "The Memoirs and Journals of Thomas Moore." They are of little use to anybody, but, a skilful literary workman could extract a delightful little volume from the chaotic mass.

How profitable it would be if the best men of this time would contribute each of them a study to a gallery of representative Irishmen! We are accustomed to say, with not unjust reproach, that England knows little of our country but, alas! my friends, we Irishmen know too little of it ourselves. 'Tis a great possession given to us by a gracious God, which we do not take adequate pains to understand; and the philosopher has declared with profound truth that men only possess what they understand.

And we want reproduced works which have disappeared out of circulation. The hundred best Irish books have been skillfully discussed in the newspapers, but the young student soon discovers that half of the hundred are out of print, or locked up from him in costly editions. Fifty pounds would not purchase the volumes recommended. But it would not be impossible to produce a library containing these very books, or a collection varied by admitting some books more pertinent to our present wants, for fifty shillings, to be paid over a period of three years. This is an expenditure which would be burthensome to few Irishmen accustomed to read at all.

How are the good books to be got published effectually? I have always insisted, and I do now emphatically insist that if this thing is to be well done the young men of Irish birth at home and abroad must regard it as their work, and be determined it shall succeed. They must supply canvassers in every centre of Irish feeling in Ireland, England, Scotland, America and Australia. Volunteers wherever it is practicable, but where the young men are still struggling for a foothold in the world, the work ought not to be made burthensome to them. There exists in America a system of canvassing agents by which books are brought to the remotest farm houses, and the canvassers paid a reasonable compensation.

It will be our duty to see that the literary laborers also shall be paid, for they are common y neither a sordid nor a selfish race. It will be a labor of love to them to feed the mind of their country, as it has been to the men of their class everywhere. Who can read without a glow of sympathy that the struggling Scotch farmer and exciseman who gave immortal songs to Scotland, refused pecuniary reward for a work which he desired to be one of pure patriotism, or how the indigent French poet, living contentedly in an humble pension, in the Champs Elysees, on an annuity from his publisher, declined a seat in the chamber of deputies from the Republic which he had done so much to make possible, and still more emphatically declined all aid or recognition from the Bonaparte family, to whose cause he had recalled the French nation by splendid but too indiscriminate panegyrics on its founder; or how our own national poet, who alone in modern times is fit to be named with the other two as a writer of songs that will live for ever, rejected in turn a national tribute, a seat in parliament, and the assistance of opulent friends under unexpected calamity, as if Moore, like Burns and Beranger, was determined that the purity of his devotion should run no risk of being misunderstood?

If this work can be done, the agency, I think, ought to be a Limited Liability Company. The necessary capital, experienced men assure me, need not exceed £5,000, of which only one half would be called up. This amount it is hoped might be procured in £1 shares, on which it would be only necessary to pay 10s in the first year or perhaps at all, and I believe that the enterprise if managed with intelligence and energy would yield a satisfactory dividend. If the shareholders selected from among themselves two strict men of business, and two skilled men of letters, with a chairman to be umpire between them the details of the design might be safely entrusted to them. As boards and committees according to the popular axiom, direct and control, but do not act, one of them ought to be a managing director, responsible that all the work sanctioned should be promptly performed.

Wherever there is an Irish bookseller, at home or in the two new worlds, who has taken an intelligent, not mercenary, a sordid interest in his business, he is the natural agent of this design; and in the many districts where there is no bookseller at present a quasi bookseller might be created. If the popular journals in Dublin encourage their agents to act on behalf of the company, a solid body of retail dealers would be at once available I have spoken only of Irish readers, our duty begins with them, but it does not end with them. Ireland has many friends in England, and good books have friends everywhere. The volumes of such a library ought to be found on the bookstalls from Liverpool to Edinburgh, they ought to be proffered to the passengers by the great Transatlantic routes, and to the eager crowd of purchasers who throng the book arcades of Melbourne and Sydney. Can all this be done? Who will be our Minister of Public Instruction, to organize it and set it in motion? If there be such a one, I think I see here many who will be his willing associates and assistants. For one old man who can only hope to see the good work begun, I can promise that whatever he can do with his moderate resources to help it in money, or with his failing powers to help it with its cordial co-operation, shall not be wanting.

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And heaven scarce holds one kindly ray of promise
To light the path we tread.

Lift up your hearts! remember yet with gladness
When life and light seemed gone,
And adverse battle wrapt the land in sadness,
The faith still lingered on—
The faith that clung around our hilltops hoary,
And lit the squalid town—
That Ireland in the noontide of our glory
Should smite oppression down.

Lift up your hearts! the skies were bleak and cheerless
When Owen and Rory failed,
When Ualadh's chiefs—the Earls bold and peerless—
Across the broad sea sailed;
And racked with pain and bowed in blackest sorrow
Our bleeding Ireland lay,
When from her shores, still hoping for the morrow,
The Wild Geese fled away.

Lift up your hearts! think how with hope unfailing
Our brave Tone toiled and planned,
With wasted strength and purpose unavailing,
To free the martyred land—
How, when the clouds of hate had closer drifted
Around the throne of Might,
Our fathers still, with earnest brows uplifted,
Strode on through the night.

Lift up your hearts! though brother leagued 'gainst brother
The strife today may show,
Be this our creed—we war not with each other
But with the nation's foe.
To all who dare, his crimsoned banner flying,
Stand in our forward path
We bear, in hatred bitter and undying,
An outraged people's wrath.

Lift up your hearts! the men that never yielded,
But scoffed in danger's face,
Shall not for idle threat or promise gilded
Betray their land or race;
And though defeat and sorest tribulation
The scowling fates may send,
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Dated Chicago, August 25, 1892
ELIZABETH B. SCHON, Executrix.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JOHN DURKIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Durkin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1892, being the 17th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 25, 1892.
MARY DURKIN, Administratrix.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

ESTATE OF LAWRENCE SEERY, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Lawrence Seery, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1892, being the 17th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 25, 1892.
MARY SEERY, Administratrix.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

The deep sea lies dreaming by the shore,
And up the rugged grassy steep
The fisher folk bring home once more
Their harvest gathered from the deep.
Like ripened plains at summer tide,
Their corn fields are the waters wide.

For wife and home and nestling child,
They travail on the trackless sea.
The smile that is at parting smiled
May be a life's last memory—
The accents of a farewell word
May be the latest ever heard.

When on the sea of life I sail,
With weary longings and regret,
If all my countless efforts fail
I must not fail to cast my net,
Waiting till One perchance comes nigh,
To show me where the fishes lie.
—Arthur L. Salmon in Good Words.

THE FLOOD.

Wendling came to Fort Anne on the day that the Rev. Ezra Badgley and an unknown girl were buried. And that was a notable thing. The man had been found dead at his evening meal; the girl had died on the same day, and they were buried side by side. This caused much scandal, for the man was holy, and the girl, as many women said, was probably evil altogether. At the graves, when the minister's people saw what was being done, they piously protested, but the Factor answered them gravely that the matter should go on since none knew but the woman was as worthy of heaven as the man. Wendling chanced to stand beside pretty Pierre.

"Who knows!" he said aloud, looking hard at the graves, "who knows! She died before him, but the dead can strike."

Pierre did not answer immediately, for the Factor was calling the earth down on both coffins, but after a moment he added, "Yes, the dead can strike." And then the eyes of the two men caught and staid, and they knew that they had things to say to each other in the world.

They became friends. And that perhaps was not greatly to Wendling's credit, for in the eyes of many Pierre was an outcast as an outlaw. Maybe some of the women disliked this friendship most, since Wendling was a handsome man, and Pierre was never known to seek them, good or bad, and they blamed him for the other's coldness, for his unconcerned yet respectful eye.

"There's Nelly Nolan would dance after him to the world's end," said Shon McGann to Pierre one day, "and the Widdy Jerome herself, wid her flamin cheeks and the wild fun in her eye, croons like a babe at the breast as he slides out his cash on the bar, and over on Gansonby's flat there's"——

"There's many a fool," sharply interjected Pierre as he pushed the needle through a button he was sewing on.

"Bedad, there's a pair of fools here anyway, say I, for the women might die without lift at waist or brush of lip and neither of ye'd say, 'Here's to the joy of us, goddess, me own!'"

Pierre seemed to be intently watching the needle point as it pierced up the button eye, and his reply was given with a slowness corresponding to the sedate passage of the needle. "Wendling, you think, cares nothing for women? Well, men who are like that cared once for one woman, and when that was over—But, pshaw! I will not talk. You are no thinker, Shon McGann. You blunder through the world. And you'll tremble as much to a woman's thumb in fifty years as now."

"By the holy smoke," said Shon, "though I tremble at that, maybe I'll not tremble as Wendling at nothing at all." Here Pierre looked up sharply, then dropped his eyes on his work again. Shon lapsed suddenly into a moodiness.

"Yes," said Pierre, "as Wendling at nothing at all? Well!"

"Well, this, Pierre, for you that's a thinker, from me that's none. I was walkin with him in the Red glen yesterday. Suddenly he took to shiverin and matched me by the arm, and a mad look shot out of his handsome face. 'Hush!' says he. I listened. There was a sound like the hard rattle of a creek over stones, and then another sound behind that. 'Come, quick,' says he, the sweat standin thick on him, and he ran me up the bank—for it was at the beginnin of the glen, where the sides were low—and there we stood pantin an starin flat at each other.

"'What's that, and what's got its hand on ye, for y'are cold as death an pinched in the face, an you've bruised my arm!' said I. And he looked around him slow and breathed hard, then drew his fingers through the sweat on his cheek. 'I'm not well, and I thought I heard—you heard it; what was it like?' said he, and he peered close at me. 'Like water,' said I; 'a little creek near, and a flood comin far off.' 'Yes, just that,' said he; 'it's some trick of wind in the glen, but it makes a man foolish, and an inch of brandy would be the right thing.' I didn't say no to that. And on we came, and brandy we had with a wish in the eye of Nelly Nolan that'd warm the heart of a tomb. And there's a cud for your chewin, Pierre."

During this Pierre had finished with the button. He had drawn on his coat and lifted his hat, and now lounged, trying the point of the needle with his forefinger. When Shon ended he said with a sidelong glance, "But what did you think of all that, Shon?"

"Think! There it was! What's the use of thinkin? There's many a trick in the world with wind or with spirit, as I've seen often enough in ould Ireland, and it's not to be guessed by me." Here his voice got a little lower and a trifle solemn. "For, Pierre," spoke he, "there's what's more than life or death, and sorra wan can tell what it is, but we'll know some day when"——

"When we've taken the leap at the almighty ditch," said Pierre, with a grave kind of lightness. "Yes, it is all strange. But even the almighty ditch is worth the doing—nearly everything is worth the doing; being young, growing old, fighting, loving—when youth is on—hating, eating, drinking, working, playing big games—all are worth it except two things."

"And what are they, bedad?"

"Thy neighbor's wife. Murder. Those are horrible. They are sure to double on a man one time or another, always."

Here, as in curiosity, Pierre pierced his finger with the needle and watched the blood form in a little globule. Looking at it meditatively and sardonically, he said: "There is only one end to these. Blood for blood is a great matter, and I used to wonder if it would not be terrible for a man to see his death advancing on him drop by drop, like that," and he let the spot of blood fall to the floor "But now I know that there is a punishment worse than that. Mon Dieu! worse than that," he added.

Into Shon's face a strange look had suddenly come. "Yes, there's something worse than that, Pierre."

"So? bien?"

Shon made the sacred gesture of his creed. "To be punished by the dead And not see them—only hear them." And his eyes steadied firmly to the other's.

Pierre was about to reply, but there came the sound of footsteps through the open door and presently Wendling entered slowly. He was pale and worn, and his eyes looked out with a searching anxiousness. But that did not render him less comely. He was always dressed in black and white, and this now added to the easy and yet severe refinement of his person. His birth and breeding had occurred in places unfrequented by such as Shon and Pierre, but plains and wild life level all, and men are friends according to their taste and will, and by no other law. Hence these with Wendling.

He stretched out his hand to each without a word. The hand shake was unusual; he had little demonstration ever. Shon looked up surprised, but responded. Pierre followed, with a swift, inquiring look; then in the succeeding pause he offered cigarettes. Wendling took one, and all, silent, sat down. The sun streamed intemperately through the doorway, making a broad ribbon of light straight across the floor to Wendling's feet. After lighting his cigarette he looked into the sunlight for a moment, still not speaking.

Shon meanwhile started his pipe, and now, as if he found the silence awkward, "It's a day for God's country, this," he said; "to make man a Christian for little or much, though he play with the divil betunewhiles." Without looking at them, Wendling said in a low voice: "It was just such a day, down there in Quebec, when it happened. You could hear the swill of the river, and the water licking the piers, and the saws in the big mill and the little mill as they marched through the timber, flashing their teeth like bayonets.

"It is a wonderful sound on a hot, clear day—that wild, keen singing of the saws, like the cry of a live thing fighting and conquering. Up from the fresh cut lumber in the yards there came a smell like the juice of apples, and the sawdust, as you thrust your hand into it, was as cool and soft as the leaves of a clove flower in the dew. On these days the town was always still. It looked sleeping, and you saw the heat quivering up from the wooden walls and the roofs of cedar shingles as though the houses were breathing."

Here he paused, still intent on the shaking sun. Then he turned to the others as if suddenly aware that he had been talking to them. Shon was about to speak, but Pierre threw a restraining glance, and instead, they all looked through the doorway and beyond. In the settlement below they saw the effect that Wendling had described. The houses breathed. A grasshopper went clacking past, a dog at the door snapped up a fly, but there seemed no other life of day.

Wendling nodded his head toward the distance. "It was quiet, like that. I stood and watched the mills and the yards, and listened to the saws, and looked at the great slide, and the logs on the river; and I said to myself that it was all mine; all. Then I turned to a house on the hillock beyond the cedars, whose windows were open, with a cool dusk lying behind them. More than all else, I loved to think I owned that house and what was in it. She was a beautiful woman. And she used to sit in a room facing the mill—though the house fronted another way—thinking of me, I did not doubt, and working at some delicate needle stuff.

"There never had been a sharp word between us, save when I quarreled bitterly with her brother, and he left the mill and went away. But she got over that mostly, though the lad's name was never mentioned between us. That day I was so hungry for the sight of her that I got my fieldglass, used to watch my vessels and rafts making across the bay, and trained it on the window where I knew she sat. I thought it would amuse her, too, when I went back at night, if I told her what she had been doing. I laughed to myself at the thought of it as I adjusted the glass. I looked. There was no more laughing. I saw her, and in front of her a man, with his back half on me.

"I could not recognize him, though at the instant I thought he was something familiar. I failed to get his face at all. Hers I found indistinctly. But I saw him catch her playfully by the chin! After a little they rose. He put his arm about her and kissed her, and he ran his fingers through her hair. She had such fine golden hair, so light, and lifted to every breath. Something got into my brain. I know now it was the maggot which sent Othello mad. The world in that hour was malicious—awful.

"After a time—it seemed ages, she and everything had receded so far—I went home. At the door I asked the servant who had been there. She hesitated, confused, and then said the young curate of the parish. I was very cool, for madness is a strange thing; you see everything with an intense aching clearness—that is the trouble. She was more kind than common. I do not think I was unusual. I was playing a part well—my grandmother had Indian blood like yours, Pierre—and I was waiting I was even nicely critical of her to myself. I balanced the mole on her neck against her general beauty; the curve of her instep, I decided, was a little too emphatic. I passed her back and forth before me, weighing her at every point; but yet these two things were the only imperfections.

"I pronounced her an exceeding piece of art—and infamy. I was hugely interested to see how she could appear perfect in her soul. I encouraged her to talk. I saw with devilish irony that an angel spoke. And to cap it all she assumed the fascinating air of the mediator—for her brother, seeking a reconciliation between us. Her amazing art of person and mind so worked upon me that it became unendurable, it was so exquisite and so shameless.

"I was sitting where the priest had sat that afternoon, and when she leaned toward me I caught her chin lightly and trailed my fingers through her hair as he had done, and that ended it, for I was cold and my heart worked with horrible slowness. Just as a wave poises at its height before breaking upon the shore it hung at every pulse beat, and then seemed to fall over with a sickening thud. I arose and, acting still, spoke impatiently of her brother. Tears sprang to her eyes. Such divine dissimilation! I thought—too good for earth. She turned to leave the room and I did not stay her. Yet we were together again that night. I was only waiting."

The cigarette had dropped from his fingers to the floor and lay there smoking. Shon's face was fixed with anxiety. Pierre's eyes played gravely with the sunshine. Wendling drew a heavy breath and then went on:

"Again next day it was like this—the world draining the heat. I watched from the big mill. I saw them again. He leaned over her chair and buried his face in her hair. The proof was absolute now. I started away, going roundabout, that I might not be seen. It took me some time. I was passing through a clump of cedar when I saw them making toward the trees skirting the river. Their backs were on me. Suddenly they diverted their steps toward the great slide, shut off from water this last few months, and used as a quarry to deepen it. Some petrified things had been found in the rocks, but I did not think they were going to these.

"I saw them climb down the rocky steps, and presently they were lost to view. The gates of the slide could be opened by machinery from the little mill. A terrible, deliciously malignant thought came to me. I remember how the sunlight crept away from me and left me in the dark. I stole through that darkness to the little mill. I went to the machinery for opening the gates. Very gently I set it in motion, facing the slide as I did so. I could see it through the open sides of the mill.

"I smiled to think what the tiny creek, always creeping through a faint leak in the gates and falling with a granite rattle on the stones, would now become. I pushed the lever harder, harder. I saw the gates suddenly give, then fly open, and the river sprang, roaring, massively, through them. I heard a shriek through the roar. I shuddered; and a horrible sickness came on me. And as I turned from the machinery, I saw the young priest coming at me through a doorway! It was not the priest and my wife that I had killed, but my wife and her brother."

He threw his head back as though something clamped his throat. His voice roughened with misery: "The young priest buried them both, and people did not know the truth. They were even sorry for me. But I gave up the mills—all; and I became homeless—this."

Now he looked up at the two men and said: "I have told you because you know something, and because there will, I think, be an end soon." He got up and reached out a trembling hand for a cigarette. Pierre gave him one. "Will you walk with me?" he asked.

Shon shook his head. "God forgive you!" he replied; "I can't do it."

But Wendling and Pierre left the hut together. They walked for an hour, scarcely speaking and not considering where they went. At last Pierre mechanically turned to go down into the Red glen. Wendling stopped short: then with a sighing laugh strode on. "Shon has told you what happened here?" he said.

Pierre nodded.

"And you know what came once when you walked with me. The dead can strike," he added.

Pierre sought his eye. "The minister and the girl buried together that day," he said, "were"——

He stopped, for behind him he heard the sharp, cold trickle of water. Silent they walked on. It followed them They could not get out of the ravine now until they had compassed its length—the walls were high. The sound grew. The men faced each other. "Goodby," said Wendling, and he stretched out his hand swiftly. But Pierre heard a mighty flood groaning on them, and he blinded as he stretched out his arm in reply.

He caught at Wendling's shoulder, but felt him lifted and carried away, while himself stood still in a screeching wind and felt impalpable water rushing over him. In a minute it was gone and he stood alone in Red glen. He gathered himself up and ran. Far down, where the glen opened to the plain, he found Wendling. The hands were wrinkled; the face was cold; the body was wet; the man was drowned and dead.—Gilbert Parker in National Observer.

Smallpox Traditions.

There is an old fashioned belief on the west side that a family living near a stable may laugh at a smallpox epidemic. It is even declared that when there was an up town stable dump, the resort of neighboring children, the region thereabouts was always free of smallpox, and there are west side traditions of parents who buried their children in the refuse of stables to guard against smallpox infection. An Italian who recently escaped from the health officers, his child ill with smallpox in his arms, took refuge in a neighboring stable, doubtless with the belief that the pervading odor of ammonia would benefit the little one.—New York Sun.

TONS OF FREE LUNCH.

WHERE EDIBLES FOR NEW YORK DRINKERS ARE PREPARED.

A Visit to the Original Free Lunch Factory—The Food Found on the Counters of Saloons Is Manufactured in Over Thirty Establishments.

These facts are published for the enlightenment of the many thousands who eat free lunch. They have probably observed the fact without duly pondering on it, that this kind of nutriment wherever found in this city has a generic flavor. That is explained here.

The free lunch eaters of New York consume daily two tons of potato salad, a ton and a half of beans, 250 gallons of beef stew and a hundredweight of caviare, not to mention the pounds and pounds of cheese, frankfurter sausages, pickles, olives, corned beef, macaroni and all the other constituent elements of the $50,000 worth of free lunch that is dispensed each day in 7,000 saloons.

To supply this enormous demand twenty catering companies bake beans, boil beef and mix up salads and all sorts of food.

The pioneer in the business and the firm that supplies most of the free lunch consumed in New York has its hash foundry and headquarters on Washington street, where once stood a small church, near the Christopher Street ferry. It is a four story building that gives employment to forty men, ten women and twelve horses.

A small sign inside the office door betrays it. Otherwise the passerby would know not what it was. From outside appearance it might be a soap factory or a paper box warehouse, instead of being the source of sustenance to the 30,000 men who, it is estimated, live by free lunch alone. There are, besides 100,000 others who sample it day by day.

The building in question contains a neat business office, a great elevator that drops wagon, horse and all down in the cellar to be loaded for delivery, huge kitchens, ovens, ranges, boilers, ice houses and all the other necessary adjuncts to the manufacture of New York's free lunch.

A visit was made by a reporter to the factory the other day when the baking of the first batch of beans—500 pounds—was about to begin.

Pans and dishes were clanking, caldrons were steaming and everything was going quickly.

"Tomorrow is Friday," said the manager. "Fish is in great demand and we have to work off these beans and get at the pike, rockfish and salmon. We have 1,000 pounds of fish to cook and it means extra work."

Up stairs a machine chopper was at work on a huge mass of corn beef for hash purposes.

Piled upon a table were tubs of pickles, pigs' feet, olives and other thirst compellers. The icebox was yielding up its stores of fish and flesh. The free lunch factory was in full blast.

Everything went by system and everything was clear and clean as a new pin. Even the stairs were scrubbed to a snowy whiteness and, if it is true that each must eat his peck of dirt, one can rest assured that he will get but a small percentage in his free lunch.

The manager said that besides beans, beef and potato salad they also made and furnished everything that could be thought of in the way of dainties and delicacies for the finest class of trade.

The extent of the free lunch system in New York can in some degree be estimated from the variety of comestibles provided by this one catering company.

These comprise clam chowder, clam broth, beef pie, veal potpie, vegetable and tomato soup, boiled ham, beans in eight varieties besides the famous Boston style, boned turkey, macaroni, salmon salad, chicken salad, lobster salad, fried oysters, fried clams, clam fritters, boiled pig's head, baked livers, liver and bacon, roasted pig, soft crabs, fried eels and so on.

The process of bean baking and salad making was next seen. A ton of beans boiled merrily in four large caldrons. Quantities of these were scooped with large ladles into curiously shaped iron kettles, which were placed in the oven and parboiled. Then they were transferred to the familiar little brown jars and put into another oven. Here they were to bake twelve hours. It takes twenty-four hours in all to bake them into Boston beans.

For the potato salad potatoes—barrelfuls of potatoes—were being cooked. They were then peeled, and five or six bushels of sliced onions were added and the salad was done. Under the supervision of an Italian expert ten large pans of macaroni were being prepared. As soon as anything was finished it was placed on plates and dishes bearing the name of the firm, and put ready for the wagon to take out early in the morning.

The free lunch factory works every day but Saturday. Saturday is the free lunch makers' holiday.

Beans and beef must be prepared on Sunday for Monday delivery, but no work need be done on Saturday for Sunday.

New York leads the world in the making of free lunch. New Orleans and San Francisco are noted, too, and Cincinnati and Chicago come in for free lunch honors also. But none of these cities can boast of any shop where free lunch is made by the ton as it is here in New York every day of the year except Saturday.

Free lunch is a distinctive American institution. It was unknown in Europe until May, 1891, when Miss E. Joyce, the proprietress of the Mariners' hotel, in Liverpool, placed in the taproom a free for all spread between the hours of 11 and 1. She continues to do so, to the great joy of her many patrons, up to the present time.—New York World.

Flowers Are Welcome.

The editor loves flowers, and it makes no difference whether they are dropped in his box at the postoffice or sent to his office direct—they are just as pretty, and the girls who furnish them are just as sweet.—Franklin (Ga.) News.

Motherly Catfish.

Mr. Gunther, in his work on "The Study of Fishes," states that the only species of fish in which the mother takes any care of her offspring are of the genera Aspredo and Solenostoma. But I have seen the common catfish guarding her young in the most devoted manner; it may, however, have been the male, but I don't believe it. It was in July, 1882, and I was on the west shore of Long lake, in the great northern wilderness of New York state. The catfish had got her young (fifty or sixty in the school I should say) into a little bay so shallow that her enemies could not swim in it. The young catfishes were very small indeed and looked like little tadpoles. Whenever anyone of the little fellows ventured into a deepish place he was sure to be seized by some large fish, the large fish seemed to be perch and there were half a dozen or so of them.

Every perch that came near was attacked by the mother fish and driven back several feet or yards; but whenever the mother fish turned to go back to her young one or more of the perch would bite her. Her caudal fin, or tail, was torn to pieces. I watched the battle for some time. The old catfish was getting the worst of it, and when I left she was making a brave but losing fight. One by one her offspring were picked off, the perch occasionally rushing into the shallow water close to the school of the young fish. I do not know whether my observation is the only one of the kind or not.—Exchange.

Up in a Balloon.

"There is a good deal to be learned from balloon accidents," said the Eminent Person, "although I am by no means sure that we shall learn it."

"The height at which the balloon was when the accident happened has been variously computed," the Journalist said, "but it seems to have been higher than the top of St. Paul's cathedral, according to one computation almost double the height. So one can imagine a little how terrible the fall must have been."

"I should like to be at that height above London occasionally," said the poet; "one could realize the unimportance of a lot of unimportant things so much better. When men appeared to me to be the size of the ordinary housefly, a difference of income, for instance, would seem to be too small to be worth consideration. We know how high above the earth there is a breathable atmosphere; I wonder how high one would have to go before one lost one's sense of social status."

"You can do that without going up in a balloon," the Ordinary Man observed. "Mix with your superiors, and you are bound to believe in social equality. Mix with your equals and you'll still be proud."

"And if I mix with my inferiors?"

"Now, why take impossible cases?" said the Mere Boy genially.—Black and White.

Stopping a Nuisance.

A little pantomime performance which was seen on an express train rushing into New York Sunday evening is worth recording. A young woman had opened her window, to her enjoyment, but to the evident annoyance of a young man seated directly behind her. There was much dust and cinders, and his light clothes and fresh linen got the benefit of all there was. He submitted to the shower for a few seconds, then took a folded newspaper and held it in front of him and close to the side of the car, so that all the cinders that came in were blown directly against the neck of the girl. She edged away farther and farther, but uselessly, for a perfect cloud of dust and cinders settled all over her, instead of flying back on those behind her, as the open window nuisance has the right of precedent to expect.

She finally could stand it no longer and put the window down, whereupon the young man, having accomplished his object, shook out his newspaper and quietly pursued his reading of it, while two or three passengers behind the pair exchanged glances of amused satisfaction.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Yankee Was Honest.

An English gentleman met an American traveler in France and spent a few days with him in Paris. When they were parting the American admitted that he had cleaned out his purse and must perforce remain in Paris until he could get more money from home. The Englishman lent him twenty louis, and the American in return gave his watch as security, taking at the same time his address on a card. The cynic will surmise that the watch turned out to be worthless, but, so far from that, it has been valued at above thirty pounds. Possibly the owner of it mislaid his creditor's address; he has never repaid the money or reclaimed the watch.—London Truth.

Effect of Domestication.

Domestication modifies and often changes the instinct of wild animals to persecute or at least neglect the sick or injured, perhaps because the lessened strain of the struggle for existence leaves room for sentiment to grow. Both dogs and cats often aid their kind when sick, and strange alliances spring up between pets of different species. Perhaps the best known instance is that of the raven which Dickens saw at Hungerford, which used to carry bones to a broken legged retriever. And the quickness with which dogs learn that their master is ill and show sympathy is well established.—London Spectator.

The Cataleptic Trance.

It cannot be doubted that in numerous cases of cataleptic trance the apparently lifeless patient has been acquainted with all the arrangements being made for his interment. Several instances are recorded in which, although the body presented every appearance of death, the patient was conscious of everything going on around him, but absolutely unable to raise a limb or in any way communicate with those near his bed.—Yankee Blade.

IN A RUNAWAY ELEVATOR.

Nine Persons Inside, and the Thing Racing Up and Down the Shaft.

Just before noon two of the elevators in the Commerce building stopped running, the one nearest to the front door alone remaining in operation. The elevators are worked by hydraulic power, and the force required to work them was thus thrown on one. It was on an up trip that eight men crowded into the elevator. Two of them were Mr. Tom Craig and Mr. Donald Ross. The door was closed with a bang, and the boy pulled the lever for the ascent. In a second the throttle, as it were, was wide open. The elevator seemed traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and appeared every second to be getting on more steam.

The elevator boy worked manfully at the lever and used every means to stop the "lift," but the machine refused to take hold, and the wild career upward continued. Suddenly the cage stopped with a jolt, and the elevator started down at the same killing pace it had been going upward. Down two stories it dropped, and then as suddenly began ascending again. By this time all on board wished they were somewhere else. They looked wildly out on the polished floors, where safety was, and for the first time realized what a prison a runaway elevator is.

Though the boy at the lever exhausted every resource of his art, now resorting to skill and now to strength, the movements of the elevator became more and more eccentric.

It went up twenty feet and fell ten. The men thought they might have led better lives.

It went up thirty feet and fell fifteen. The elevator boy thought of some mean things he had done.

It went up ten feet and fell twenty. All resolved that if they got out alive they would walk straight and narrow paths for the rest of their lives.

It went up fifteen feet and fell thirty, and then it dashed with deadly speed toward the roof, and all the sins that the eight caged men and the one caged boy had ever done rushed before them like a host of devils. But it stopped just in time, and once more reversed brakes. It stopped with cruel jolts now and then, but always between the floors, leaving those on board still caged in by wire walls. Time and again it seemed certain that it would halt at one of the floors. But it did not, and hope died again.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity of torture, the elevator did stop two feet below one of the doors. Mr. Craig was closest to the exit, and hastily throwing back the door he leaped forward and out. Just as he did so the machine shot upward, and it was only by a hairbreadth that he escaped being crushed and almost certainly killed.

After his escape the elevator continued to perform for a minute and then once more became obedient. The seven men and the boy got out as quickly as possible. All were very thankful. The elevator was examined and found to be in good working order. The elevator boy got on board and tried it for a floor or two, and returning pronounced everything all right. The elevator never did this before.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Agriculture in Russia.

The predominating trait of rulers from Cæsar downward is an invincible hypocrisy. People of education and experience are invited to occupy themselves with agriculture, but they are well aware that no sooner have they arrived and settled down than they will be unmercifully expelled again. The Jews are blamed for avoiding agriculture, and are accused of not wishing to live by the sweat of their brow, yet they are forbidden to colonize without the pale or to own property.

The Jew might turn on his persecutors and say to them: "You condemn me for not taking kindly to farming while you yourselves, pharisees that you are, have reduced your farms to the last stage of impoverishment. God be praised, we Jews have had no part in it; but to envy you or to wish to be in your position is more than can be expected of us."

All this talk of agriculture is mere clumsy hypocrisy. The peasants fly from the land, happy, indeed, to find some other occupation. Others are not permitted to take their place; those who have the right are too ignorant to do anything, and the result is chaos.—Contemporary Review.

Hutton's Collection of Death Masks.

The earliest death masks in my collection are those of Dante, made perhaps in the first part of the Fourteenth century, and of Tasso, certainly made at the end of the Sixteenth. The latest mask is that of Lawrence Barrett. They range from Sir Isaac Newton, the wisest of men, to Sambo, the lowest type of American negro; from Ben Caunt, the prize fighter to Thomas Chalmers, the light of the Scottish pulpit; from Oliver Cromwell to Thomas Paine; from Keats to Robert Burns; from the First Napoleon to Robert the Bruce.—Laurence Hutton in Harper's.

What the Preacher Learned.

A celebrated preacher, when speaking to some 3,000 children, after delighting them with a variety of stories, thought it might be well to point the moral of one of them. He had hardly, however, begun to say, "Now this teaches," when a little ragamuffin on the front bench cried out: "Never mind what it teaches. Gie's another story." "I learned from that rascal," he said, "to wrap the moral well in the heart of the story, not to put it as a sting into the tail."—London Tit-Bits.

The Kind She Wanted.

Gentleman—My wife has lost her waterproof, and she wished me to stop in here and order anyoher sent up at once, as it looks like rain.

Dealer—Yes, sir. What sort, sir?

Gentleman—Um—I've forgotten the name, but it's one of those that make a woman look better dressed in wet weather than she is in dry weather.—New York Weekly.

FROM MIKE TO MR. MICHAEL.

An Irishman Who Got a Million Dollars and Knew What to Do with It.

"The story of Monte Cristo is generally regarded as a highly improbable piece of fiction," said a Montana man yesterday, "but I have in mind a case of a miner in our state who comes very near furnishing a parallel character. About ten years ago I had in my employ an Irishman, a clever but totally uneducated fellow, who did odd jobs about my place in Helena. You remember what a feverish state that country was in about that time over the rich finds in gold in the country adjacent. My Irishman caught the fever, and one day astonished me by asking me to loan him $200, with which he wanted to buy a prospector's outfit. Well, the fellow begged so hard and money was so easy anyhow that I let him have it. He bought him a mule and some tools and lit out for the mountains alone.

"In about a month he came back to Helena with that mule staggering under a load of the richest of ore. He hired three men, bought three more mules, went back to the hills and struck town shortly afterward with four more mules loaded as the first one had been. A representative of an English syndicate happened to be in Helena about this time on the lookout for mining investments. He saw the Irishman's little pack train, took a sample of the ore, had it assayed, went out and examined the claim and then made the Irishman a proposition that mighty nearly scared him to death. I was sitting in my office at the time, when in burst Mike in a state of terrible excitement.

"'What do you think, sor, I'm offered for me claim?' he gasped. 'One million dollars and twinty-foive per cent. of the net profits.'

"Of course I told him to sell, which he did. I proved a good investment for all concerned, as the Englishmen have taken millions of dollars out of the mine.

"But now comes my point. Instead of committing the usual follies that poor men indulge in when they become suddenly very rich, Mike set about to get the highest benefits of his wealth. There lived in Helena an English lady, widow of an English officer, who was possessed of a high degree of culture and refinement, though in very needy circumstances. Well, sir, the first thing Mike did was to go to this lady and bargain for an education. He placed himself absolutely under her dictation; lived in the same house, and she taught him how to hold a knife and fork and how to enter and leave a room. Then followed the rudiments of a literary education and a year or so of travel.

"I met my Irish laborer in the parlor of a London hotel about six months ago. You never saw a more perfect gentleman in your life. He has acquired a classical education, is as easy and graceful in manners as a courtier and above all has the true instincts of a man and a gentleman in his heart. And could a man be anything but a gentleman who had evidently made it the dream of his life to be one at his first opportunity?"—St. Louis Republic.

The Migrations of the Lemming.

In Norway and Sweden a curious migration takes place, the irregular migration of the lemming. There is no telling where this strange animal will begin its march southward through Norway and Sweden in search of food. The interval between one migration and the next is seldom less than seven years or, as in one instance, more than seventeen years.

The lemming is a species of rodent and resembles in some ways our common water rat. Once started, these strange creatures press on in a straight line. There is no checking their march. If a wall or a house is in their way they will try to climb it rather than go around it, and if they come to a stack of corn they will eat it and then go forward. The lemmings are good swimmers, and so they do not mind rivers and ponds, although they cannot keep afloat in rough water.

The migration comes to a fatal finish. Taking a direct course toward the southwest and southeast, the animals arrive after awhile at the seashore. Still they must press on, and the lemming migration ends for another seven years.—J. L. Vance in Our Animal Friends.

The Male Bass Hatches the Young.

A small mouth black bass, the variety sought by anglers and the only kind caught about the islands in Lake Erie, attains a weight of about one pound in two years, at which time it also arrives at maturity in a productive sense. It then fans off a clean place on the gravel, deposits its eggs, which are impregnated by the male member of the family, when, contrary to the general rule laid down by nature, the female goes off to some favorable watering place, while the old man attends strictly to household duties, and by the most constant care fans with his tail all the sediment off the eggs and drives off all intruders, even to a 10-pound mud turtle. He brings forth his little family of several thousand individual fishes about as large each as the end of a broom splint and about a quarter of an inch long, to become as long as a broom handle and weigh all the way up to ten pounds, according to the conscience and eyes of the one who for the first time pulls him permanently out of aqua pura. He seldom attains a weight of over four pounds, although those weighing six pounds have been caught.—Cleveland Press.

An Ancient French Custom.

Anciently, in many parts of France, when a sale of land took place, it was the custom to have twelve adult witnesses accompanied by twelve little boys, and when the price of the land was paid, and its surrender took place, the ears of the boys were pulled and they were beaten severely, so that the pain thus inflicted should make an impression upon their memory, and, if required afterward, they might bear witness to the sale.—Yankee Blade.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing,

Everywhere Popular

"Nine months after having the typhoid fever, my head was perfectly bald. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and before I had used half a bottle, the hair began to grow. Two more bottles brought out as good a head of hair as ever I had. On my recommendation, my brother William Craig made use of Ayer's Hair Vigor with the same good results."—Stephen Craig, 832 Charlotte st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A O. H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN, } Com.
P. DEVER,

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 9 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 158 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Morau, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Pittsgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday, Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 3127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Hewson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 327 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 123 23d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 23d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 95 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3033 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 353 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Thiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 201 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seanen, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Laitus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Messinger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2201 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—E Burns, C R, 6433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtis, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; E Smith, F S; E E Amberden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lamb, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Mansell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Wetz, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

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Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Golden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phœnix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonah, C R, 241 Webster av; Jos P Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible] Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 98 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Ritzge, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Fusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 449 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4945 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty-fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brickel, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flegel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 281 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

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St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Halliban, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

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Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—J F Tooty, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 446 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 10—John B. O'Connor, Pres., 4722 Bishop st; James Small, V. P.; Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec.; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month, Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av. 3 p m.

Div. No. 11—D. Kirby, Pres., 466 W Erie st; M. E. Lynch, V.-P.; T. J. Lamb, Rec. Sec., 576 W Erie st.; M. J. Bradshaw, Fin. Sec.; M. J. Cereoran, Treas. Meets 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts. 8 p m.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Lawrence Henely; Rec. Sec., Con Houlihan, 37 Swift place; Fin. Sec., Wm Houlihan; Treas., Michael Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh-st and Armour av.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3202 Parnell av; V.-P., Daniel Daly; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 320 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Jeremia O'Brien; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first Thursday of each month at 3:30 S. Halsted st., at 8 p m.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; John F. Geoghegan, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 4604 Ashland av.; P. Ryan, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace Treas. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 3:30 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av.

Div. No. 26—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., John Kerr; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st; Fin. Sec., James A Walsh; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m. at Shields' hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, James Dolan, Pullman; V P, Wm J Carroll; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter J Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 33—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; Rec sec, James Gannon, 3756 Union av; Fin sec, Michael Hughes; Treas, M. Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month cor 35 h st. and Emerald av.

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Div. 37—Pres, John P Downey, 6359 Honore V P, Thos Reilly; Rec Sec, Michael McDermott, 6136 Wallace st; Fin Sec, M B Hoey; Treas, C. McInerney. Meet 2d Sunday each month in St. Bernard's hall, 63th st. at 3 p m.

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Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas, A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Gallaghan, cor Western & Aarcher ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts

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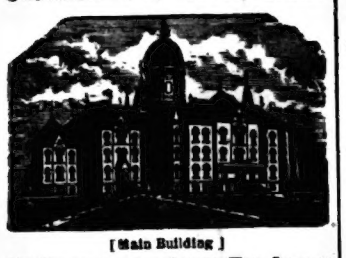

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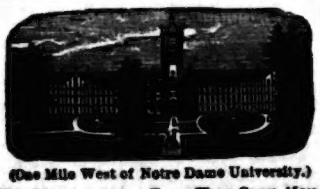

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LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.75. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

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